Tunbridge-Wells:

OR A

DAYS COURTSHIP.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Dukes-Theatre.

Written by a Person of Quality.

Licensed, *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed and are to be sold by *Henry Rogers* at the *Crown* in *Westminster-Hall*, 1678.

PROLOGUE.

TH' Old Engliſh Stage, *confin'd to Plot and Senſe,*
Did hold abroad but ſmall intelligence,
But ſince th' invaſion of the forreign Scene,
Jack pudding Farce, and thundering Machine,
Painted to your grave Anceſtours unknown,
(Who never diſliked wit becauſe their own),
There's not a Player but is turned a ſcout,
And every Scribler ſends his Envoys out
To fetch from Paris, Venice, *or from* Rome,
Fantaſtick fopperies to pleaſe at home.
And that each act may riſe to your deſire,
Devils and Witches muſt each Scene inſpire,
Wit rowls in Waves, and ſhowers down in Fire.
With what ſtrange Eaſe a Play may now be writ,
When the beſt half's compoſed by painting it?
And that in th' Ayr, or Dance lyes all the Wit?
True Senſe or Plot would fooleries appear,
Faults (I ſuppoſe) you ſeldome meet with here,
For 'tis no mode to profit by the ear.
Your ſouls (we know) are ſeated in your Eies,
An Actreſs in a Cloud's a ſtrange ſurprize,
And you ne're paid trebble prizes to be wiſe.

ACTORS

387830

Actors Names.

Tom. Fairlove. — A Gentleman of the Town, that Loves handſome Women.

Owmuch. — A Gamſter, that Lives by his Wits and borrowing of Money.

Mr. Wilding. — A modiſh Husband, that gives himſelf the Liberty of the Age.

Sir Lofty Vainman. — A Baronet of great means and little ſenſe, a great affecter of figures and hard words.

Squire Fop. — A Coxcomb that pretends to know all perſons and buſineſs.

Alderman Paywel. — An indulgent City Husband.

Dr. Outſide. — A Man made up of Phyſical terms and little Art.

Parſon Quibble. — A Welch Vicar in Love with the Widow, and ſtrangely adicted to punns.

Poet Witleſs. — A conceited Rhimer, that ſtrains his fancy beyond his Judgment, and Writes Nonſence for ſtrong Lines.

Farendine. — A *Quondam* Mercer diſguſted with his Profeſſion, and from a ſedentary Fool being turned a Riotous Coxcomb pretends to all the worſt Qualities of a Gentleman.

A Boy.

WOMEN.

Alinda. — A wity diſcreet Lady, beloved by *Fairlove.*

Courtwit. — A great pretender to Wit, and an Admirer of it, where ſhe finds it.

Paywel. — A pampered Aldermans Wife, that imployes more of her Husbands Eſtate in Lewdneſs than Charity.

Parret. — Parcel Midwife, parcel Bawd, the Confident of *Paywel.*

Brag. — *Crack.* — Two Whores.

Page. — *Lacquies.* — *Coachmen.*

Tunbridge-Wells:

OR, A

DAYES COURTSHIP.

ACT. I.

Fairlove *discover'd dressing: His Lacquey attending.*

Fairl. HAst called my Sister?

Lacq. An hour since; I consider a Lady requires more time to harness than a Coach and six——

Fair. What Company came down last night?

Lacq. Three Coachfuls, besides droves of Horsemen.

Fair. Hast learn'd their Names.

Lacq. And Qualities, Intrigues, and Assignations.

Fair. Come, your discovery.

Lacq. In primis, Lady *Brag*, a rich buxom Widow, with a noise of Bullies attending her.

Fair. She has been here these two daies.

Lacq But her Adorers came last night, *Videlicet*, Mr. *Farendine* the spruce Mercer, Parson *Quibble*, and Poet *Witless*.

Enter Owmuch.

Fair. They'l serve for a Vacation Courtship— *Jack Owmuch!*

Owm. What Hurricane of Love drove thee from *London*, before our Beauties do desert the *Mall*, the dusty Park, and treating *Mulberry?*

Fair. You appear to me the stranger miracle: Have *Marybone* and *Putney* lost their charms, that you forsake the Town this Bowling-Season?

Owm. The Courts retirement to *Windsor* has attracted so many

Modiſh Fops, there are few Cullies ſtirring, and thou knoweſt my buſineſs *Tom* 's to borrow mony.

Fair. I faith I want it for my own Occaſions.

Owm. Husband thy holy day Oaths, and don't ſuſpect me for ſo vain a Sot, as to hope to borrow mony of a Wit.

Fair. Continue that wiſe faith, leſt you prove more terrible to thy Acquaintance than a *Sheerneſs* Ague.

Owm. As to my fooliſh Acquaintance, I may ſay Nature deſign'd them my inheritance, and as Lord Paramount I ſtill diſpoſe 'em

Fairl. If all Fools be thy Copy-holders thou maiſt be Pope for the univerſality of thy juriſdiction.

Owm. Sometimes indeed they pay me *Peter* pence : My happy Stars diſpos'd me th' other day amongſt a Collony of Elder Brothers, whence I choſe a Brace to whom Fortune had been more bountiful than Nature.

Fair. Some dull inſipid Heirs to their Parents induſtry:

Owm. Right; Maſters of Land in preſent, and of wit in reverſion.

Fair. Where do theſe Dotterels lodge?

Owm. Here at *Bounds* under the ſame Roof with you — Boy, inform the Knight and Squire where I am; then in my name ſalute the Lady *Brag*; within this hour, ſay I'le kiſs her hands. [*Exit Boy.*

Muſick within.

Morrow to the Right Worſhipful Sir *Lofty Vainman*, to his fair Siſter, and to the celebrated Eſquire *Fop*.

A SONG within.

How wanton, and frolick's this Age,
Wherein Gallants ſo briskly invade
The Miſſes that furniſh the Stage,
And the Madams in Maſkarade?

Unſeen and unknown they ſtill court,
And walk a Corant to and fro',
Bad faces ne're hinder the Sport,
If the Blade's well provided below.

The Ladies make choice by the ſize,
The Gallants by Garb and Proportion,
And when their brisk Spirits do riſe,
They fall to their carnal devotion.

There

There needs neither Parents consent,
A Joynture nor Rites of the Church,
If fiercely the Gallant be bent,
The Ladies scarce leave him ith' lurch.

Yet if he too faintly pursue
The Idol he seems to adore,
With a frisk she'l bid him adieu,
And leave the young Fop at the door.

Fair. The Fidlers named a Sister, Came she down with you?

Owm. Yes, and such a pollished piece of Flesh and blood, *Tom*; so tempting fair.

Fair. Prithee say.

Owm. Such a delicious, delicate, ingenious Rogue; no shrugging, cease your vain hopes, and to thy future torment know, that she's reserved.

Fair. For my imbraces *Jack*.

Owm. Learn to dispair betimes, thou maist as soon perswade the Dutch to abjure Traffick, as move her to affection; she has a frost in her blood, and a fire in her brain.

Fair. If handsome, let the Fire be where it will I'le quench it.

Owm. There's more than up and ride here *Tom*, you will find her no Theater Visor-mask, nor one of the *Moseleys* Persons of Quality, she defies the inchantment of a Snake curl, cannot be mollified with a treat, nor will she dance after a consort of Guineys.

Fair. Introduce me, and let me take my venture.

Owm. Thou mayst as soon draw the chief Prize in the Indigent Officers Lottery, as purchase her; the majesty of her beauty will command thy reverence, and the acuteness of her Wit thy admiration.

Fair. Doubtless I shall admire her, for I find I love her already.

Owm. I'd fain see that movable in petty-coats thou couldst not love.

Fair. I'm a well wisher to the soft Sex.

Owm. As ever trappan'd Virgin of her trifle, thou obligest all, from the Bib to the Mussler, from the bulk to the Alcove.

Fair. Had my design on Woman been half so successful as thine upon gouty Purses and consumptive Coxcombs, I had not been thus long condemn'd to the dull and nauseous embraces of an old over-ridden acquaintance.

Owm. Thy pennance would become my Paradiſe.

Fair. Doſt love an old Obliger?

Owm. I could ne're keep Friend to make th' experiment.

Fair. You ſhould careſs them, as I do mine, not cheat 'em ſo inhumanely.

Owm. Thou art as foul mouth'd as a decayed ſinner in the lower *Alſatia*: 'Tis as great a Solliciſm in good manners to ſay a Gentleman cheats, as to call a Lady of Quality Whore, for obliging a a diſtreſs'd Cavaliere with a nights lodging.

Fair. I beg your pardon; you out wit them. My Sword. [*To his Boy*

Enters Owmuch *his Boy.*

Boy, Sir, an ancient Gentlewoman without inquires very loudly for you.

Owm. What kind of Animal is ſhe?

Boy, She calls her ſelf Madam *Parret.*

Fair. The Midwife, I'le withdraw— I had rather ſtand ten broadſides of a Ship Royal, than the artillery of her Voice: ſhe quarrelled once a Bearward, and tho nine Oyſter Wives came in to his aſſiſtance, ſhe half killed him with noiſe, and rendred him intirely deaf for a month after.

Owm. She's a Woman of an uncontroulable clamour when ſhe's moved, and nothing does it ſooner than to debauch one of her fair Lodgers without her privacy.

Fair. My ears have ſuffer'd ſo cruel a Martyrdom in the confirmation of that truth, I dare not oppoſe it.

Owm. She out does a Play-houſe Orange Woman for the politick management of a baudy intrigue.

Fair. Well, when you have rendred her converſable, I'le appear, and in the interim haſten my Siſter for the Wells. [*Exit.*

Owm. Boy, ſend her in— She comes with freſh intelligence of Game, if profit's the Attendant, I'le make a ſtoop and gorge the golden Prey; if only pleaſure, let thoſe whom eaſe and plenty have made wanton, purſue the riotous variety, I cannot live upon it.

Enter Parret.

Par. Dear *Owmuch!* I have run my ſelf into a Bath to find you.

Owm. Thou art the prettieſt obliging Creature! But do theſe Waters afford ne're a piece of barren, or diſguſted Matrimony, ſome Widowed antiquity, or antiquated Virginity, to whom a ſtrong chined Gentleman, with a back of the firſt rate, may be ſerviceable.

Par.

Par. Doeſt take me for a *Harridan*, or a *Cuffley*? ha!

Owm. I believe thee a very obliging Creature, truely.

Par. I won't be believed an obliging Creature by ne're a Sir Fopling of you all, the Court know me a Creature of Heavens ſpecial Handy-work, and if I live to ſee the City, *Bow* ſhall Ring with thy abominations, till *Mary-Overs* eccho thy lewdneſs: Tempt me to be an obliging Creature;

Owm. Let this Guiney render me more intelligible to your good Name.

Par. You have a good Lady of your own, and for you to make theſe wild excurſions to abuſe your old acquaintance with the occupation of an obliging Creature. [*Weeps.*

Owm. A few tears may do her parched hide a kindneſs, and cement the clefts in her face, which gape for a ſhow'r like a clay fenn in the Dog-dayes.

Par. But as I was ſaying Mr. *Owmuch*, if you can diſcover any implyment, whereby a poor Gentlewomans reputation may not be blited, you ſhall find me as pliable as a Willow; tending to all occaſions, Honourable and commodious.

Owm. Now you ſpeak reaſon; Ladies come down here for the common cauſe, and can you (who are the very modle of experience) imagine that deſires can be ſatisfi'd without their common remedy: Waters are but waters Mrs. *Parret*, there goes more to the compoſition of an Heir, than minerals.

Par. Now you come to me; and I've an Aldermans wife in chaſe to anſwer your full wiſhes, who wanting the conveniencies her Sex requires, is kindly willing to ſpare the decrepit years of her Husband, and to mannage his Caſh to his eaſe, and her own ſatisfaction.

Owm. In ſhort, ſhe wou'd be furniſh'd with an able friend.

Par. That can hardly be done in ſhort, Mr. *Owmuch*.

Own. Buſiy not thy projecting head about dimenſions; ſhe may ſpare the queſtion the Lady aſk'd the Gyant, by your aſſuring her that all's proportionable, *Fairlove* comes, you'l find me at the Wells. [Enter *Fairlove.*

Par. I'le give the Lady an Inventory of your abilities.

[*Exit. Par.*

Fair. I find the *Beldame* has not digeſted our laſt quarrel, by the flight ſhe took upon my appearance.

Owm. I warrant you diſappointed her aſſignation, for ſhe loved thee paſſionately.

Fair.

Fair. I've younger game upon the Wing, your Knights Sister.

Own. The worshipful Wight appears; who rightly mannaged may prove a future introduction to that amour, and a pleasant diversion at present. [*Enter* Sir *Lofty Vainman.*

Vain. My Stars are superabundantly propitious in administring the Seraphick felicity of this crittical encounter.

Own. Such accumulated kindness will bankrupt my poor acknowledgements.

Vain. My soul's inhabited, or rather Collonized with an allacrity to see you.

Fair. I know not how his Soul's inhabited, but's head may pass for a Collony in *Greenland*, it is so thinly peopled.

Vain. My noble *Mustapha*, is he thy *Zanger*? [*to Own.*

Own. A Gentleman, whose accomplishments will recommend themselves to your acquaintaince.

Vain. As I'm a Baronet of th' old *Jocabus* stamp, I am his Vassal in *decimo sexto.*

Fair. You much honour me.

Vain. Fragrant Sir, I honour any Man of parts, for I hate a Dunce, and adore a new Acquaintance. [*draws his Book.*

Fair. Pray enter me into the List.

Own. D' you book 'em all Sir *Lofty.*

Vain. I should obliterate half else, here's thy Name, and thy friends should be Registred next, could I decipher't.

Fair. Mine's *Fairlove.*

Vain. Odoriferous Mr. *Fairlove!* I reverence thy Name sublimely, and to ellucidate the redundancy of my devotions, I'le enter it upon the knuckles of my Pedestals. [*writes upon his knees.*

Fair. 'Tis the friendliest fool I e're conversed with.

Own. Now shall I be more slighted then a passionate cast Mistress, who thinks a Man obliged to disgest the nauciousness of her Age, because he was surfeited with the pleasures of her youth; for he admires an acquaintance no longer than he gets a fresher.

Fair. Keep him from others, and my acquaintance with him shall tend to thy advantage.

Vain. So! I have you down in capital characters. [*Courtwit peeps, & steps back, then*

Fair. You may enter without the hazard of a blush, for these are very modest Gentlemen. [*Enters.*

Own. A modest Gentleman is less acceptable to a well bred Lady then an Eunuch to an experienced Widow.

Fair.

Fair. This Knight I'm sure allows the character, he seems a harmless Servant to fair Ladies.

Cour. If but to the Fair, what will become of me?

Vain. Excuse me thrice resplendant Nimph, I am so to all.

Cour. Who speaks to all is silent still to me.

Vain. You shall make an impropriation of me, and be the sole Incumbant of my amours. Pardon me, Madam, tho I illustrate my ellocution with those clerical metaphers, know I am a Baronet of 2000 *per Annum.*

Cour. I guest it by your ridiculous bravery, and extraordinary confidence.

Vain. She's a Lady of an intellectual sublimity.

Fair. She'l improve by the converse of so ingenious a Knight.

Vain. She may impregnate, Sir.

Fair. You mean my Sister no dishonour.

Owm. I dare ingage for's innocence.

Vain. I contemplate the impregnation of her capacity by this snuch. [*Pulls out his snuch Box.*

Cour. This is the extravagants Coxcomb, that ever nature produced to countenance folly.

Fair. Would thou hadst him for better and worse.

Cour. To sell to *Gresham* Colledge to be anatomiz'd for a Fool, 'twere worth the Virtuoso's while to find out the Seat of folly, and learn to cut Gallants of the simples.

Fair. Didst know the sweet conveniency of a wealthy Fool, thou'dst have a greater aversion to indigent Wits, than celebrated Court beauties to an habitation in North-*Wales.*

Cour. If Fate design me for such an unfinished piece of Manhood may she send me a soft insipid Fool, for these half witted Fops are more obstinate than ignorant Devotes, and less tractable than Mules.

Fair. You Lady Wits have still the ill Fortune of fooling your best Servants first, and then your selves: I expect you should consume your youth amongst the Wits, and purchase a large dowry in Sonnets and Reparties; but when maturer age shall blunt the edge of these fantastick nothings, and shew what you thought wit, want of discretion, Sister.

Cour. Would you wou'd instruct more by example, Brother.

Fair. My defects are no warrants for your Follies.

Cour. But running in a blood they ought to be the more excusable, at least to you,

Vain.

Vain. Pray Madam, whats your name?

Cour. I was christen'd before I could well remember— *Ha, ha.*

Vain. Does she deride Sir *Lofty Vainman*?

Owm. No, 'tis a perticular grace.

Vain. Say you so; in veracity, the elegance of my fabrick titillates the imaginations of most Ladies I converse with.

Fair. You are certainly *Venus*'s Darling, and that my Sister may be in your Books, her name is *Courtwit.*

Cour. But who gave her that name is the next query; the Knight makes me too much a Girle, and my Brother would have me too soon a Woman, certainly there's a medium Mr. *Owmuch.*

Owm. She's as pleasant as any thing in Nature.

Fair. Ever except a Monkey and a Shock Dog.

Cour. And a Lover Brother, for there is nothing in Nature so fantastically apish.

Fair. Tis because Ladies are caught like Dotterels by imitation, we are fain to counterfeit your follies to bring you to our lure.

Cour. You make Dotterels of us, and we make Dolts of you.

Enter Fop.

Fop, Faith and troth I'm glad I've found you, dear *Coz.* [*to Sir* Lofty

Cour. Was he afraid to lose the Knight or himself?

Owm. He pretends to know all persons, and their concerns, has the ambition to be thought a Wit, and commends all things in the wrong place.

Cour. Methinks our Knight ingrosses him.

Owm. A fresh object to Sir *Lofty* is next to a new acquaintance.

Cour. Never was Knight and Esquire better matched,

Fair. It grows late, I suppose you command Sir *Loftie's* Coach.

Owm. And him to, or I mispend my time.

Fair. Mayst thrive in thy adventure: Come Sister.

[*Exit with* Courtwit.

Owm. *Fairlove* designs Sir *Lofty* for his Sister, but I intend him first for my own advantage, and then may she be happy in her Fool; tis true she seems averse, but an Estate yoked with a Ladyship may change her mind: But now to my own Plot. O Lord, Sir, I had forgot your danger! I beg your pardon, your safety makes me rude. { *He muses then pulls* Vainman *hastily.*

Vain. Where's *Fairlove* and the Lady?

Fop. Do you know *Fairlove*?

Owm. If you respect Sir *Lofty* spare your impertinance.

Fop.

Fop. Ne're ſtir, I love you for that, as if any man knew *Fairlove* better than I,

Owm. Had you the knowledge of an Oracle, you muſt be ignorant of this concern.

Fop. I thank you for that, as if your buſineſs were not to the Wells.

Owm. No more than to th' *Indies*.

Fop. And now you talk of th' *Indies*, I'le diſcover a miſtery of Trade, our Merchants are taxed with th' exportation of broad Gold to that Clime, when in ſincerity the greateſt part is exchanged with *Sweden* for Copper.

Owm. A Pox on your brazen impudence!

Fop. Why it is generally uſed amongſt the Miſſes inſtead of Mercury in all their waſhes.

Vain. By the ſoul of induſtry it may turn to account, for moſt of our refined Gallants look as if they uſed the ſame waſh too.

Owm. Will you believe me?

Fop. I love you for that ne're ſtir, as if this were an Age to believe any Man.

Owm. There's no perſwading him, I muſt think upon ſome other courſe. So-ho-Boy— [Enter *Boy*; *he whiſpers the Boy goes out*, If this prove not let the Devil take the Dice, and throw me a worſe change.— [*Boy returns with two naked Swords.* Mr. *Fairlove* ſends you theſe to take your choice.

Fop. I love him for, what ſhall I do for a Scabbard.

Owm. One you may diſpoſe as you pleaſe, th' other he intends to ſheath in your ſweet guts.

Fop. The Devil take me for a ſouced Mackarel, if ever I ſpoke to the Man in my Life.

Owm. Juſt now, none knew him better,

Fop. Know, or know not, I'me a Perſon of reſolution, and ſcorn to fight any Man without a quarrel: Send me a ſword! [*Exit.*

Owm. Your Kinſman has put me in a kind of heat, but he's an Animal; and were not your intereſt concerned.

Vain. Moſt indearing odoriferous *Owmuch*,

Owm. If you carry not ſome ſpell about you.

Vain. Not I, by the ſpirit of *Garagæneva*.

Owm. It were elſe impoſſible, I've a paſſion for thee, as if thou wer't a Miſs of an hours acquaintance.

Vain. But in ſincerity, doſt affect Sir *Lofty Vainman*.

Owm. Refuſe me elſe! were *Fairlove* ten thouſand Friends, ſince he reſolves to quarel my noble Knight, I'd renounce him.

Vain. Quarel me!

Owm. In ſhort, for I dare diſguiſe 't no longer; theſe Weapons I us'd to ſcare your Kinſman, were ſent by *Fairlove* to you, who took offence, how e're he ſeem'd to bear it, at the ambiguity of your expreſſions.

Vain. I apprehend the Gentleman's very quarrelſome.

Owm. The veriеſt Waſp in *Europe*; he beat a modiſh Fop for diſcharging a Volley of critticul non ſence upon *Ben Johnſons* Fox, and kickt a Vallet de Chambre in the pride of his Lords caſt Suit, diſputing precedence with a Ballad-maker: at certain times the Devil poſſeſſes him, and then he deſtroyes Friend and Foe without diſtinction.

Vain. You have talkt me into an intermitting Fever, what's to be done?

Owm. Done! Cut's throat.

Fain. Is't for the credit of a Baronet in Commiſſion to fight?

Owm. That's conſiderable.

Vain. Beſides, my Eſtate is 2000 *per Annum*, what has he?

Owm. What Fortune and the Dice oblige him with.

Vain. May I dwindle to an Eſquire, if I ſcorn not to riſque my life at ſuch uncertainties.

Owm. What if we try the Siſters interceſſion?

Vain. Moſt Philoſophically imagin'd.

Owm. Yet I've a certain ſcruple.

Vain. Be not retrograde my dear Elixir of amity.

Owm. I ſwore upon an accident never to tempt a Lady empty handed.

Vain. I apprehend, thou ſhalt preſent this Locket.

Owm. To the Lady, but haſt no ſlight regalio for the Chamber-Maid, to facilitate addreſs.

Vain. Here's a moveable of eight guineys.

Owm. Illuſtrated with a Paper of Verſes 'twill ſerve turn: but let me conſider what I'me indebted, a hundred and fourſcore.

Vain. It wants ten, thou art a faithful Debtor.

Owm. Then thirty makes juſt two hundred pounds.

Vain. My Purſe is ſuperſtitiouſly at thy devotion.

Owm. And to requite the courteſie I'le introduce you into the acquaintance of a rich young Widow, whoſe pleaſant converſation

will

will ſhorten the time ſpent in adjuſting your quarel.

Vain. Thou art expanſively obliging, *I*'le go numerate the pounds, and randevouz you at the Portal of my apartment? [*Exit.*

Cwm. Every Man in's way; here's a good mornings purchaſe; two hundred pounds, a Locket, and this ring; all got by honeſt induſtry, the *Brandenburg* of couzenage, by which the zealous ſober Citizen does circumvent the ignorant, oppreſs the indigent, and ſwallow the prophane and prodigal.

To thrive is but our Neighbours right t' invade,
And cheating's the chief knack of every Trade. [*Exit.*

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

In the Widows lodging, Enter Brag *and* Crack.

Brag OUr Wits grow duller than a Dutch Lampoon, and our beſt projects meet as bad ſucceſs; as if the Devil (Traitor to himſelf) had leagued with vertue to ſuppreſs poor Sinners.

Crack. Well fare old *London*, *I* ſay there's the game; there they come tumbling in with fiery bloods, light heads, and weighty purſes; theſe dull waters render intrigue too flegmatick and ſerious.

Brag. O the dear time when Miſſes came up firſt in faſhion: then half the Town were Novices in love; and not ſo many Ladies of the game: the ſubtil practice of one afternoon for Petty-coats i'th' *Row*, and *Lumbard Street*, for Smocks in *Cornhil*, and for Gloves at th' *Change*, whilſt *Covent garden* furniſhed golden Caſh, then were the happy dayes.

Crack. But now grown numerous, like other Traders, muſt reſt content t'imploy our induſtry for ſmaller gains than our happy Predeceſſors.

Brag. We are barr'd the bleſſing of variety for want of choice, we cheriſh coſtive Fops, whoſe narrow bounty ſcarce affords us gruel.

Crack. The Mercer comes off pretty handſomely.

Brag. *I*nſpir'd with Pontack, that ſpur to Venery, we feel his bounty.

Crack. In that gay mood, he turns a Debauche; and hates the City Idol, *Intereſt*.

Brag. What think you of our quibbling Levite.

Crack. The Guiney-gelder, he was born in *Wales*, and thinks a mark a moſt Majeſtick Bounty.

Brag. Curſe on theſe hide-bound Cullies! I muſt have ſuch mettled Sparks as ſcorn to ſtarve their venery; a poor itinerent *White-Friers* Sinner, that nightly plies 'twixt Theator and Temple. I can't live upon ſuch ſcraps; I'le ſtrait caſheir 'em.

Crack. That were ill policy: Sutors about a Widow are like Daws circling a Prey; their cawing may invite the Eagle, but ſummons certainly their fellow Daws,

Brag. We might extract more Spirits from theſe Weeds.

Crack. No Chimiſtry is like a Womans Wit.
If mine fail not, I'le turn 'em all to profit.

Brag. But I'd fain ſee ſome proofes.

Crack. You are too impatient, the World's improved, and not ſo eaſily impoſed upon, as formerly.

Brag. Playes and converſe have ſo refined the Age old Cheats wont paſs; Yet had I rich Pretenders!

Crack. New Setters up muſt entertain all Comers; and I deſpair of none, but your dull Rhimer, 'for one may eaſier extract from Cinders Balſamick Oyle, than gold from Poets.

Brag. Why then let's ſqueeze the Parſon.

Crac. His Tyth Geeſe and Pigs come in ſo ſlowly they'l ſcarce diſcharge a Treat of *pettit Paſté* and brandy. Obſcure, I hear ſome footing. I vow my Lady's buſie—— Pray be civil—— Your Coat ſpeaks more reverence, than to preſs upon a Ladies privacy; if theſe intruſions be countenanced no Perſon of Quality will drink the waters at their Lodging. (Brag *hides:* Crac. *runs to the door to ſtop* Quibble *and* Farendine.)

Quib. It is my duty to have regard to ſo comfortable an importance as a young Widows water.

Crac. She's none of your charge, Mr. *Quibble.*

Quib. But I have been at charges with her, therefore I charge you t'evade your frumps, leaſt I crack your conundrum, Mrs. *Crack.*

Crac. The *Cracks* have as good a report as the *Quibbles* in ſpight of your Welch Herauldy.

Quib. Thy tongue's a very cracker, all noiſe, and no danger.

Crac. It is not ſuch a fire-brand as yours, to cauſe diſſention in a whole Pariſh.

Far. There's no dealing with Women, the Merchandize ſeldome anſwers expectation.

Crac. He prates like a City Orphane.

Far. Know I deſie that incloſure of horned Beaſts, where hypo-

criſie

criſie ſtalks like Religion, and fraud wears the Cloak of Sobriety; I dwell within the Precincts of Gentility; keep a Warehouſe within the ſent of his Majeſties Kitchin, wear my ſword, maintain my Miſs, converſe with the *Huza*'s, ſtorm Punks, beat Watches, and reel to bed by three in the morning. [*Enter* Witleſs.

Wit. Where's this magnetick of beauty; here's an Ode ſhall make her fairer than Nature deſigned her, it contains 999 Stanza's, writ all *a la vole*; my Muſe ne're drew bit for't.

Quib. Then ſhe baited on horſeback, for I'm ſure ſhe keeps the Stage.

Wit. That ſuch ſhrubs of illiterature ſhould cenſure us! But I'le confound their ignorance: know that I am happily the beſt Poet that ever tranſlated Farce.

Crac. 'Tis the firſt time I ever heard of your merit

Wit. That argues you of low converſation; why, th' Age takes its meaſure from my garb and writings, and for Playes a late piece of mine raviſh'd the World; it was ſo charming, ſo divertiſant, the Actors could not hear it without burſting their buttons. And I confidently dare aver 'twill read and act with any Play in Chriſtendome. Haſt ſeen *Tunbridge* Wells?

Quib. I don't frequent the Theators.

Wit. I'de have it acted all by Women:

Crac. And why by Women?

Wit. Becauſe Baudry and non ſence is beſt received from their mouths.

Quib. Your Muſe roams, and becomes vagrant.

Wit. Tempt me not, leaſt I tell thee, thou Non-Conformity to Order, how much the canting Pulpit has borrowed from my ſtrain, t' inhance its reputation.

Crac. Y'had beſt prophane Heroick Playes to.

Wit. Poor Chamber Utinſil; thy heart is no more proof againſt Love in rhime than thy ſleazy Smock againſt him thou likeſt.

Crac. He muſt be a better Engineer than thou, to undermine it.

Wit. Thou art no competent Judge; therefore I'le make an Eſſay upon thy Lady.

Crac. No admittance there to an empty handed Lover, ſhe's reſolved to value your affections by the price of your Preſents.

Wit. Preſent her ſtrait theſe Verſes, where reſides the Cleopatrian Pearl of Poetry.

Crac. Theſe paper preſents might find at *Epſom* a more fit imployment.

Wit. O thou impertinences! but you are great Judges, Gentlemen.

When moſt Stupendious Thunder from the Earth
With ſilent noiſe concealed this Ladys Birth,
The Bull in Paralax did bray ſo lowd
That Fate by him had like to have been cowd.

Wit. Do you Laugh at me, Laugh at an Authour, by *Ate Nemeſis* and all th' infernal ſpawn inſpires Lampoon, I'le dray thy Portracture in Traveſty ſo horribly deformed, and like a Hag, thou ſhalt deface thy Idol Looking-glaſs, and in thy cruel garter hang thy ſelf.

Horrour, and Hell with Nature ſhall conſpire
And blaſt thy face, to compliment my Ire. [*Exit.*

Quib. His Muſe is ſtill upon the ſpeed, I wonder he poſted away no ſooner.

Crac. Your conundrums are as unacceptable to my Lady as his Rants; ſhe underſtands no Courtſhip but Plate and Jewels.

Quib. For Plate, I've little beſides a Brandy-Cup.

Crac. A brandy Cup! you ſure miſ-underſtand me.

Quib. We'l beget right underſtandings, fear not, how e're I'le give thee a Mark to remember me by. [*gives her Mony.*

Crac. You are too noble.

Quib. A Wit of my own ſtrain, there's Ten-groats for that jeſt.

Crac. What a quarter you keep with your kindneſs?

Quib. Art with me again? that joke deſerves a kiſs.

Faren. Theſe Prieſts are prodigal of their fleſh; but were he an Arch-Flamine I durſt drop Angels with him.

Quib. My bounty has been ſo remarkable you can't forget me.

Crac. The way to keep benefits in memory is to repeat 'em.

Quib. When next we meet we'l come to repetition.

Crac. You ſee th' addreſs I uſe, to be at your devotion.

Faren. Your kindneſs ſhan't foreſtal my bounty.

Crac. My Lady, hears nothing from me but your praiſe.

Faren. You give my love kind hopes.

Crac. ſhe's the richeſt Widow that ever thrift, or couſenage produced.

Far. Preſent her this ſmall token of my Love. [*a Jewel.*

Crac. Now I'le pronounce her Yours; the ſtrongeſt ſimpathies in love or Nature are leſs violent than her inclinations to a frank-lover.

Faren. Iv'e given direction for a Richer preſent, when Poet,

or

or Parſon rival me in bounty, may I return to my firſt vomit, ſnort at goverment over a Coffee diſh, and curſe French Weavers.

Crac. Not a word of your Profeſſion, as you affect preferment; my Lady ſounds at the very Name of a Citizen.

Faren. That generous humor does improve my hopes; I want but little of a Gentleman, except a Priviledge not to pay my debts; for I can ſwear as lowd, talk as profainly, Drink as deep, and Court a Miſs as lewdly: Therefore I'le order ſtraight my Journy-man to ſhut up Shop, turn all my Wares to caſh, defraud my Creditors with a compoſition, and make me large returns of th' overplus, that I may put my ſelf into a Garb, Purchaſe a Knight-hood, and atchiev'e the Widow. [*Exit.*

Crac. 'Tis a moſt Gentleman-like reſolution. [*Enter Brag.*

Brag. Excellent Rogue! Thou haſt out done thy ſelf!

Crac. What I performed, was all by your direction.

Brag. Thou groweſt too modeſt, I acknowledge thee the buil der of my Fortunes, and thy own.

Crac. This Gold and Jewels are but fortunes pledges, here comes your Doctor, and in his thred bare velvet. [*Enter Outſide.*

Brag. Would you have him leave his degree behind him?

Out. Madam, I cou'd not take my round, without certifying my ſelf of the intrinſical operation of your Ladyſhips waters.

Brag. They paſs but dully.

Outſ. Do you ponderate them, according to preſcription?

Crack. Alas! She has not diſcharged (ſaving your Worſhips reverence) the demi-quantity ſhe drank.

Out. Some viſcous obſtructions latent; but I'le preſcribe an apperative: I profeſs they ſhould be drank at the Well, leaſt they evaporate their volatile Salt.

Enter Parret *in a heat.*

Par. O! you are a worthy man to be relied on.

Out. Why all this indignation, Mrs. *Parret*? you ſee *I* diſpatch my Patients as faſt as the beſt of the Colledge.

Par. You are a worſhipful diſpatcher indeed, t' have had a Lady under your hands theſe five weeks for the common cauſe, when *I* have known more good done in five minutes.

Out. The Waters muſt have time for operation.

Par. Is it not a ſhame for you, and your waters not to render a Lady fruitful in five weeks.

Out. The Husbands old and defective.

Par. Were not you imployed to supply those defects? Do we not call the Phisician to help th' infirmities of Nature? and were not you called (as they say) by my advice, I thought you an able Man, but you approve your self a Man of weak practice, and feeble parts.

Out. Be pacified, whats within the power of Man I'le effect.

Par. What's within the pores of Man may do much by a right applications, I know't by experience, I beg your Lady-ships pardon that I borrow your Doctor for an hour.

Brag. Hee's freely at your service. [*Exit with Doctor.*

Brag. I hope *Owmuch* has brought some freshgoslings.

[*Enter Owmuch, Vainman, Fop.*

Owm. You'l pardon, Madam, this bold intrusion.

Brag. I seldom admit Company at my Lodgings, when I drink the Waters, but yours is at all times acceptable.

Owm. The reallity of your compliment will appear in your courteous reception of my friends.

Brag. They need no other Character t'assure their welcome.

Owm. Sir, *Lofty Vainman*, and *Esquire Fop.* [*They Salute her.*

Vain. Her Lips are softer than the Clouds, and melt to Manna.

Fop. My memory, fails me, or I should know this Lady.

Brag. Know me!

Fop. I've seen those eyes shoot glances in the Park and now I think on't, your Manty was Cherry and Buff trimmed with a Gentianella colour'd ribband.

Brag. What shall I do? I shall be discovered. [*To* Owmuch.

Owm. Let not fear betray you, 'tis his humour to pretend to know all persons. Sir *Lofty* I must recommend this Lady to you for a Virtuosa, and leave you Esquire to the mercy of Mrs. *Crack.*

Fop. You are for the Wells now.

Owm. You should be an Astrologer by your conjecture: Do you know I want twenty Guineys?

Fop. Was I ever ignorant. These make an even hundred.

Owm. I owe Sir *Lofty* two. But I'le leave my Fools to their Fortunes. [*Exit* Owmuch.

Vain. My Visage is the perspective of my heart, and my tongue, the Landskip or passage of my intellects.

Brag. 'Tis too intricate a Prospective for me to judge by, for I have but one sure proof of love.

Vain. Make it the Standard of mine, and if it prove not Alchimy co.i-

contemn my proweſs, and render my Chivalry ridicule!

Brag. Your imprecations have unlocked my breaſt, indulge my modeſty to whiſper the kind ſecret.

Vain. The Heavens are not more bountiful when they diſſolve in fruitful ſhowres to impregnate Nature: But *con licenza* that rapture merits quotation. [*draws his Book.*

Brag. Sure Nature takes delight in varying Fools, and made this for her ſport, he's ſo affectedly ridiculous.

Vain. Madam, my auricular aurifices dilate themſelves to entertain your ſecret! [*they ingage in dumb ſhew.*

Crac. You are the cunningeſt Squire I e're met with.

Fop. Yet I dare wager you know not what's a Clock. But I've that about me does to a minute. [*drawes his Watch.*

Crack. A very gentile Watch, and well ſtudded!

Fop. 'Tis *Eaſt's* own handy work, and made of old ſpurroyal Gold, newly returned from *Holland*, to quicken the motion.

Crack. I doubt it will move as dully back as a fat Burghy-maſter after a ſurfeit of Pilchers. } *She goes to put the Watch in her Pocket, he holds her Arm.*

Fop. Ne're ſtir, I love you for that.

Crack. Tell me when you ſhall have 't again, and I'le ſwear, you are cunninger than the Deaf dumb Fortune-teller.

Fop. Ne're go you are a pleaſant Lady, as if I knew not.

Crac. I'le lay a Crown you don't.

Fop. Done!

Crac. Done! And you ſhall keep ſtakes.

Fop. In feikens I love you for that.

Crac. Now reſolve the queſtion.

Fop. I ſhall have't when I ask for't, ſhan't I? whoſe the Fool now?

Crac. Try, and ask.

Fop. That's well enough; D'you think me ſuch an Aſs to loſe my wager.

Crac. The Angel be your guard, and mine the Watch.

Fop. Ne're ſtir, I thank you for that, but lend me it me agen, and I'le teach you to ſet th' alarm.

Crac. O fie; I can't indure a noiſe; it makes me ſound.

Fop. It has ſuch a pretty motion for the tide.

Crac. Pray let that motion reſt till I take Water.

Fop. Fontreblew, I hope your heels are not ſo light as your fingers.

Vain. 'Twill ſtupifie all indigent pretenders, and ratifie the value of your charms. [*to Brag.*

Brag. 'Tis not the preſent, but the love I value, they that are alwaies giving before Marriage, will give it afterwards to better purpoſe.

Vain. This Locket ſhall remain, bright Pyramid, a ſplendid hoſtage to confirm my Love, which future Preſents ſhall expatiate.

Brag. You are generous, but I muſt beg your pardon. The waters make me unmannerly. [*Exit.*

Crac. Madam, I come. [*Exit running.*

Fop. My watch, ne're ſtir my Watch! Her heels are ſo light, I wonder how they ballance her brains.

Vain. I am intranced with ſuch Seraphick charms.

Fop. I'le lay my Soul t' a Pepper Corn that you're in Love.

Vain. Delphos ne're ſpoke with more veraciouſneſs.

Fop. Delphos, and *Jupiter Amon* were Aſſes, *Timothy Fop* was a ſeventh ſon, and divined in's Mothers belly.

Vain. Thou art enthuſiaſtically cognitiant, but I muſt make an *eſt inventus* of *Owmuch.*

Fop. And I'le voyage the while towards the ſtraights of your Siſters affection.

Vain. Hold *Armiger*, you muſt a while retire; the Knight muſt nuptialize before the 'Squire. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

The Wells are diſcovered full of people waſhing and drinking Water; amongſt the reſt Fairlove, Alinda, Alderman, *Mrs.* Paywell, Parret, Out-ſide, Owmuch, Courtwit, *the two laſt advance towards th' Audience.*

Owm. YOur Brother's ingaged in a very hazardous adventure.

Crac. Were ſhe more wittily abuſive, and enviouſly cenſorious, than the Ladies of the Circle on the Queens birth night, he has confidence enough to put her out of countenance, and new colour her paint with bluſhes.

Owm. Nay ſhe has her proportion of aſſurance too; and the tart-

tartneſs of her Wit may give his Love a ſurpriſe.

Court. 'Tis well if it do; for if her wit were no more ſurpriſing than her beauty, 't wou'd neither deſerve his Love, nor our argument.

Owm. They muſt both abate their value in your preſence.

Court. Were this from any body but you, I ſhou'd value my ſelf much upon that compliment.

Owm. My commendations are not, I hope, ſcandalous.

Court. But praiſe is a dangerous ſurfeit from perſons that afford ſuch large pennyworths.

Owm. Where deſerv'd, they may be received without vanity.

Court. So might Lady's favours by you, tho' you continually boaſt 'em, and leaſt you ſhould brag of mine, I'le not take one thing kindly you ſay.

Owm. That won't be for the reputation of your good humour.

Court. If 't be for the reputation of my good name, 'tis better.

Owm. That's as inſignificant t' a well-bred Lady in this Age, as a patch ill placed; it diſgraces her beauty.

Court. Thoſe modiſh Ladies are very unkind to themſelves to be obliging to you.

Owm. That's another argument of a vertuous ill nature, to be ſuſpitious without cauſe.

Court. Pray give me a proof of your good one, by handing me down, th' other walk to avoid my Brother; for I had as live be ſeen in the Company of a Baboon, as of ſo near a Relation in publick. [*whilſt they walk off,* Fairlove *and* Alinda *advance.*

Fair. 'Tis as impoſſible for you Ladies to be fair without being ill natur'd, as for a fig to ripen againſt a North wall.

Alin. 'Tis not over civil for an entranced Cavaleire to tell his Lady her faults at firſt ſight.

Fair. Since ſcorn's the prerogative of Beauty, 'tis no great imputation.

Alin. But to me, who cannot challenge that Character, 'tis very offenſive.

Fair. Prophane not, Madam, ſuch divine perfections; Nature has copy'd out all other faces, and drew you only her Original, for this Age to adore, and the ſucceeding to take their meaſures of proportion from.

Alin. I'm ſorry I cannot ſay as much by you.

Fair. 'Twere not difficult, had you the ſame affection.

Alin. But then, I muſt outlye a Lover.

Fair. That's as eaſie, now I have ſhewn you the way. But ſetting apart your rallery, which is but the breathing exerciſe of your wit, I'm confident you have no averſion for me.

Alin. I am ſo far from doubting your confidence, I believed you impudent the firſt minute I ſaw you.

Fair. Let's kiſs and be friends, why ſhou'd we Wits quarrel?

Alin. I had rather ſubſcribe my ſelf a Fool, than be of your ſociety.

Fair. That wou'd avail you little, for I'm ſuch an amorous Coxcomb, I ſhou'd turn fool too, rather than forſake you.

Alin. Since the matter's ſo difficult, let's draw cuts who ſhall go firſt.

Fair. I'm in no haſte; may I dye if your company be not extreamly pleaſant.

Alin. And yours ſo tireſome, I'm reſolved to quit the Walk, rather than give my ſelf a farther pennance. [Exit *looking back.*

Fair. So quick! She expects now I ſhou'd follow her; and for my pains be laughed at, nay it may be ſcorn'd: I'm in the ſnare, but to own my chains, were to adjourn my wiſhes; and become the paſſive anvile of her gilting wit: Rather than I'le erect th' imperious Throne of her proud Tyranny, I'le curb my Love that ſhe may give a looſe t' her own deſire: I know ſhe burns, but ſcorns to own the fire. [*Exit.* Alinda *re-enters*

Alin. He's gone, I fear I was too ſharp; and yet he took more liberty in's ſmart replies to me; but they were briſk and wity, full of ſpirit: Yet what's his wit to thee, or thine to him? I'le rend his memory from my ſoul; be gone!

Love vainly hopes a conqueſt o're this heart,
Since 't has reſiſted Wit, his keeneſt dart. [*Exit.*

The Wells continue ſtill full of company: *Enter* Wilding *and* Courtwit.

Court. I wonder you'd embark on the Veſſel of Matrimony having ſo little kindneſs for the Voyage.

Wild. Beauty, and Portion were ſuch tempting Devils.

Court. I ſhou'd ſuſpect 'em for Angels, ſince they have brought you ſo ſoon to Repentance.

Wild. Had not your beauty relieved me, they had play'd the Divil's in earneſt, and led me e're this to diſpair.

Court. Your faithleſs inconſtancies hath play'd that Devils part with

with ſo many of our Sex, that I'm arrived at that Harbor already, and utterly diſpairing of Mans reformation, have form'd moſt deſperate reſolutions againſt Marriage.

Wild. Indeed it is pleaſanter t' enjoy the ſame delights at liberty, and change often; elſe it is as dull, for if a man muſt be confined to one diſh, a Wife's the more Sanctified diet, and ſometimes the more wholeſome.

Court. How profainly you talk?

Wild. A Wife of the ſecond year has leſs Harmony than the Bells in a Peſtilence, a perpetual jangling, and ſhould the Husband riſe at every peal, the thin Animal might reſt to Eternity.

Court. And you come to th' Wells for a receſs.

Wild. Rather to put my ſelf i' th' mode, and chuſe a Miſs; for their price is ſo inhanced in Town (through the vanity of *Witleſs* Heirs) that a very waiting Actreſs expects a Settlement.

Court. Approves your Lady theſe excurſions?

Wild. We be neither ſo ill bred to concern our ſelves with each others intrigues.

Court. On theſe terms I cou'd fancy Marriage extreamly.

Wild. Fie, Love and liberty have ſofter charms; Birds never hatch well in a Cage; And I'm not ſo enamour'd on the words, to have, and to hold, but I cou'd be kinder without 'em; eſpecially to ſo dear a Creature.

Court. But how long wou'd this kindneſs continue? not till Death us depart.

Wild. Can you be ſo cruel to expect it? Love and Youth ſhou'd finiſh their courſe together, for ther's no condition in Nature ſo miſerable, as to be ſtrong in deſire, and weak in performance.

Court. What think you of the Married one?

Wild. As of a Peſtilence, none but ſo fair a Doctreſs can relieve.

Court. I fancy *Paywell* has the ſame power, and happyly more inclination.

Wild. She's in years, and Married; and I'm a very conſcientious Sinner.

Court. Therefore may oblige you with more ſafety.

Wild. Dull ſecurity rebates all pleaſure; give me danger, and difficulty, to inhance th' object, I hate an eaſy purchaſe.

Court. Now I know your mind, I'le grow extreamly ſcornfull, to heighten your affections.

Wild. I would not have you put a conſtraint upon your ſelf; you have beauty and youth ſufficient to heighten love without ſuch artifice.

Cour. I cannot digeſt that compliment without a glaſs of Water, Lets to the Well.

They walk towards the Well, and the Alderman and Mrs. Paywel, Outſide *and* Parret *advance, follow'd by an Old Woman with Water.*

Ald. Give me t'other glaſs; theſe Waters are ſo cold, I profeſs they'l hardly down.

Outſ. Stir Mr. Alderman, motion warms, and gives the Waters juſt operation.

Payw. By my truly, if they don't ſatisfie my longing for a Boy, I ſhall ſcarce applaud 'em.

Outſ. You ſee they 've brought th' old Gentleman t' an appetite.

Par. He eats well (as you ſay) but I can't diſcern the Madam one jot the better ſatisfied.

Ald Midwives will talk Mr. Doctor, and my Bunting 's ſo paſſionate for a great Belly, ſhe'l ne'r have done by her good will, when any Man enters upon that argument.

Par. She's not ſo long upon that point as you'r too ſhort, Mr. Alderman.

Pay. Many a Woman wou'd have ſupplied his defects elſewhere rather than ſuffer ſuch an eſtate to go out of her line.

Outſ. Have patience till I have finiſh'd his courſe; then by the help of a prolific Bolus, and a ſecret *Arcana* I'le adminiſter, I dare ingage an happy product. [Parret *ſpies* Owmuch *at diſtance.*

Par. Yonder's the Party I told you of.

Payw. Conduct him to the Place of Aſſignation—; Well Doctor, the hopes you give me ſhall ſuſpend my longing— Good Honey ſee him well.

Ald. I ha'nt known my Bunting in a better humour; Come Doctor, lets walk, and ſee how the ſquares go among the Ninepins. [*Exeunt Alderman and Doctor.*

As Paywel *is looking for* Parret *ſhe meets* Wilding *and* Courtwit *advancing toward her.*

Payw. Mr. *Wilding*, You are very late this morning.

Wild. I have been here this hour.

Payw. What Creature have you got by th' fiſt? her Garb favours much of the *Mall* by twylight.

Court.

Court. And why o'th' *Mall*, Dear Madam?

Payw. Becauſe of your Court tincture, Nature works you all in wax, and like an Artiſt Painter, cloaths variety of Features with the ſame complexion.

Wild. You are too ſevere; this Lady lives in *Fleetſtreet.*

Payw. I beg your Ladiſhips pardon, and ſince y' inhabit within the verge of the City, ſupplicate a further acquaintance— Y' eye my Point, I think 'tis the greateſt curioſity in *Europe*, my Smock's laced with the ſame, I aſſure you.

Wild. Now ſhe's enter'd her right *qu.*

Payw. And were it not for giving ſcandal in ſo open a place I coud ſhew that might creat th'envy of all the Court Miſſes.

Wild. 'Twould much oblige the Company.

Court. And no wayes diſoblige the Court.

Payw. They rail at me already for wearing ſuch rich points upon my petty-coats, and ſwear they don't become a Tradeſmans Wife, but did they ſee what's under my petty-coats.

Wild. That were a ſight indeed.

Payw. I'le come one day with all my trappings, and dazle their weak eyes; and let 'em know a Banckers Wife can vie jewels with the proudeſt of 'em.

Enter Witleſs, *his Pockets crammed with Papers*, *Alderman* Farendine, Quibble, Outſide, Tipwell, *as from Nine-pins.*

Quib. Suſſex, Suſſex, I'le be judg'd by the Alderman.

Ald. I ſcarce obſerv'd it; What ſay you, Doctor?

Faren. He's a Bettor, What ſays Poet *Witleſs.*

Wit. I vote againſt you, either tip from the Brook or bowl again.

All. Content.

Quib. Not five, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Five for a Crown.

Outſ. For another.

Wit. Not five, ſix.

Faren. Not ſix, ſix to four.

Outſ. I take you. [*Exeunt huddling*, Witleſs *drops a paper.*

Court. The Poet has drop't a paper, pri'the reach it.

Wild. What's here? A *Lampoon*, and to that Satyrical Tune of *Amarillis.*

Court. As you love me ſing it.

Wild. I have none of the charming'ſt voices, and may therefore obey you without further intreaty.

LAM-

LAMPOON.

Courtwit she's exceeding gay
Courtwit she's exceeding gay.
And kisses Wilding, when she may
Without her Brothers knowledge,
For plush Outside, she does deride,
Tho a Member of the Colledge.

Court. The rhiming Fop was much your freind; proceed,
Alinda she is seldom kind;
Alinda she, &c.
Altho' her wit seem much refin'd
I doubt at last 'twill fool her;
For she's of Age, I dare engage
And wants a Man to cool her.

[Courtwit *snatches the Verses and tears them.*

Wild. Oh unmerciful to destroy a Poet in a moment!

Pay. They found a fate too noble: But I implore your pardons to seek the Alderman!

Court. Rather a Rummer of Rhenish, let's observe her.

Wild. I can find nothing worthy observation but your self.

Court. Alwayes except your Glass, for there you may observe on of the prettiest affected Gentleman, what ever France taught to be ridiculous in England:

Wild. And yours represents the beauty fullest Angel that ever England produced for France to adore.

Court Such another compliment would make me sound: I had rather be led a corant in the Bear-garden than flattered in publick: And see where comes the Morrice, which will prove a much better diversion.

[*Amorrice Dance, which done Enter* Roger.

Cour. Is my Brother gone?

Roger. When the Lady with the Blew-livery took Coach, he mounted his Barb.

Court. Be ready at th' end of the walk: I must take the other glass; come Platonick.

Wild. I may thank your virtue for that unfashionable epithite, mine ne're deserv'd it.

Court.

Court. Were't not in hopes of your converſion, I ſhould be loath to venture my reputation in your Company.

Wild. And had not I contrary hopes, I ſhould fancy my ſelf to have the worſe of the bargain, for it is a greater imputation for a Man of Wit to converſe thus publickly with a Vertuous Lady, than it can be to her to rally with the greateſt Debauché in Nature.

Court. 'Tis pity Cuſtom allows ſuch a mixture of converſation, that the Chaſt can ſcarſe be diſcerned from the Miſſes.

Wild. Why ſhou'd Cuſtom diſtinguiſh what Nature has made ſo like; indeed your Vertuous Ladies are the worſe Natured, for they preſume ſo much to be ſaved for their Chaſtity, that they'l be ſure to be damned for their Pride.

Court. 'Tis Nobler to fall by the crime of Angels, than the Sin of Brutes.

Wild. So you fall any way, I ſhall be pleaſed.

Court. A glaſs of water will allay this Flame.

Wild. Love, like a burn, muſt be drawn out by fire,
Waters may quench my thirſt, not my deſire.

Court. Some more ſuch flights (good Servant) as we walk, for your diſcourſe before was neither Rhime, nor reaſon.

[*The Scene of the Wells ſhuts.*

SCENE II.

Quibble, Farendine, Outſide, Witleſs, *drinking.*

Wit. Here's a health to the blazing Star of perfection.

Quib. Perhaps ſhe's but an exhalation; I'le not falſify th' intention of my health.

Out. Drink with a mental reſervation; I'le do thee reaſon.

Quib. I abominate drinking obſcure healths as much as praying in unknown tongues.

Wit. I ſay the Blazing Star, th' Epithet's my own, and I'le maintain it.

Quib. If ſhe be a Star, I'le drink her up to a Sun, Mercer to thee.

Fair. No more a Mercer than thy Mother, I've turned my Shop out of doors, and can juſtify my ſelf a Gentleman to the Heraulds.

Quib. Then here's to thee, Gentleman of the laſt edition.

Draw. Anon, anon Sir, did you call?

Faren. Th' other Bottle. To the happy Man that first enjoyes the Widow— Little do they imagine whose health they drink.

Outs. Each man believes he drinks his own.

Faren. T'unriddle all, she's mine; I've given earnest for her.

Quib. To give earnest before marriage is to forestal the Market.

Wit. And that's directly against the Statute.

Faren. Damn Statutes! tho I gave the Widow no earnest, yet I gave earnest for the Widow.

Quib. Worse, clear circumvention, a superstitious fraudulent design to marry her without her own consent.

Wit. A very Rape in Law,
He that a Widow sans consent does wed,
In his own wrong does get the Maiden-head.

Faren. A Widows Maiden-head, Ha, ha, ha.

Quib. He meant the Virgin-Widow.

Wit. Right, 'tis the unhappiness of us great Poets to speak things in our Seraphick flights somewhat unintelligible: Now listen to an Ode.

A BALLAD.

YOu Ladies who in loose body'd gown,
Forsakes the sneaking City,
And in whole Shoals come trundling down,
Foul, foolish, fair, or Wity.
Some for the Scurvy, some the Gout,
And some for Lover disease,
Know that these Wells drive all ill out,
And cure what e're you please;
They powerfully break the Stone,
And heal consumptive Lungs;
They'l quicken your conception,
If you can hold your tongues:
Then you that hither Childless come,
Leave your dull Hees behind you,
You'l never wish your selves at home
Our Youth's will be so kind t' you.

Quib. An Ode! a *Grubstreet* Balad.

Wit. Thou degenerate Bastard of *Levi*; but for *ludere cum sacris*, I'de break thy canonical Crown.

Quib.

Quib. Then 'twoud be as little currant as thy rhimes; but I'le ſwear the peace againſt thee immediately.

Wit. Thou dogmatical Dunce in Orders: Didſt e're know Poet bound to's good behaviour, We that can depoſe Kings, ſubvert States, creat and annihilate unborn Worlds.

Quib. Treaſon and Blaſphemy, bear witneſs *Farèndine.*

Outſ. He means in's Plays; he ſhew'd me a Comedy wherein he murther'd a dozen Kings by one Plot.

Wit. Let me ſee e'r a Parſon do as much; I went not treacherouſly about to incenſe the People, and foment Rebellion, but contrived my Stratagem with ſuch artifice, they deſtroyed each other playing a Prize at Cudgels. There was ſurprize for you.

Outſ. Why ſhould ſober perſons differ about trifles?

Wit. Know'ſt the value of an Ode, the worſt Syllable I ſung was worth the *Eaſt India* Fleet.

Quib. I'd not give this grain of ſnuſh for a whole Volumn.

Wit. Urg'd by's contempt, and by m'own rage inſpir'd,
My Muſe with ruinous revenge is fired;
But I'le ſo mawl the Slave, abus'd my Poem,
That Friend, nor Foe, nor Heav'n ſhall dare to know him.

[*Exit in rage, the reſt following him.*

SCENE III.

Owmuch, Paywel, Parret, *Boy with Wine.*

Owm. This Room's more airy, and has better proſpect, down with the Bottles Boy, and ſet us Chairs.

Par. Here's a health to this Ladies hans in Kelder, Gentleman.

Owm. Firſt to the work of Propagation, dear Midwife.

Pay. I vow you make me bluſh: here's to the premiſſes.

Par. She drinks it with a guſto.

Owm. Do thou pledge it ſo; I have known thee a well-wiſher to the buſineſs.

Par. I'd have you to know I am not paſt my labours.

Owm. I wiſh thee a *Hercules* to perform twelve upon thee. But, Madam, we baffle opportunity.

Pay. Th' Alderman towards five will be in the Grove at Ninepins; but ſhould you fail and prove inconſtant.

Owm. My word's my reputation, that's my Soul; for what's a faithleſs man? a walking ſhadow.

Pay. You profess nobly, and if your actions answer expectation you shan't repent the knowledge of my person. Tho I've an ancient Man, I want no Money.

Owm. And for all other wants let me supply them.

Pay. As an earnest of future bounty, accept this. { *gives him a Purse.*

Owm. 'Tis a younger Brothers glory to serve so generous a Mistress.

Pay. Go, Y'are a Flaterer; th' Alderman will think me long. But at five, Dear Friend, you'l not let slip the time.

Owm. Nature shall sooner lose her youthful Season, and lie confin'd insensible of warmth within the womb of Winter, than I forget that blessed hour, that Spring of happiness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Wells again, where Alderman, Outside, Farendine, Witless, *and* Quibble *are discovered sitting upon a Bench, others walking. Enter* Wilding *and* Courtwit *walking very fast.*

Cour. You speak such soft things, I wonder any heart can resist 'em.

Wild. Dear nimble Soul give me leave to breath, y' have run me this hour as if I were taking my heats for a race.

Court. You are an able Servant to tire upon a Ladies frolick: Now have I a mind, after all this ramble I have led you, for your further persecution, to make you dance.

Wild. Are not you a cruel Lady to tempt a Man to caper, that can scarce stand? but since you provoke me, you shall find me a *Tarquin.*

Court. After the Rape was over, as dull and insignificant.

Wild. I'le be judged by the Bench, if y' are not a little too severe to a foundred Servant.

Court. No disputing, for I'm resolved to be absolute.

Wild. Since there is no resistance [*Dances.*

[*After the Dance, Enter* Owmuch, Paywel, Parret.

Court. Here comes *Owmuch*, I le try his breeding.

Wild. Be not so froward, he's ingaged, I'le spend the utmost of my strength to serve you.

Court. Now I've made you know your self I can have mercy.

Wild. You'l cross your inclination, and I dare venture on a Country dance.

Cour. Will your Ladyship please to take a Frisk this morning?

Pay. Come *Owmuch*, I love to shake my legs.

Court.

Court. Sit not idle, here are Ladies, Gentlemen, would be in motion. [*Farendine, Witless take the Ladies. A Dance*

Ald. Well said Honey! Have a care of heating thy self.

Ontf. Enough, enough, this violent exercise exhales all the volatile Spirits by insensible transpiration.

Court. Fancying you very weary, I care not if I drop you at your Lodging.

Wild. 'Tis happpiness enough to be disposed by you. [*Exeunt.*

Ald. Let's be jogging towards *South-borrough*, 'tis almost dinner-time.

Pay. Dear Bunting I attend you: I shall too much incommode you. [*To* Owmuch *offering her his hand. Exeunt.*

Out. You're Horsmen Gentlemen, I shall enjoy your Companys.

Far. I've business at Rust-Hall. [*Exit.*

Wit. A meer pretence, he'l slip to the Widow.

Quib. Slip as he will, the Noose shall fail him.

Wit. And you too, unless you hang in your surfingle, [*aside.*

My puisant Love must tyrannize her soul,
I'le govern her, and raign without controul;
By the Soul of Poetry a most stupendious flight.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Alinda, Fairlove *following.*

Alind. ARe you not extreamly audacious to persue me thus into my Lodgings?

Fair. And are not you a strange Lady, first t'invite me, and then to make so slight of my welcome.

Alin. I invite you, 't was in my sleep then, for that little knowledge I have had of your conversation waking, has been so unpleasant, I can never wish your Company but on Good Fridays, because it is a day of pennance.

Fair. What a strange deceitful world do we live in? I've been an interpreter of Ladies looks these Ten years; an I if the languishing glance you gave me, when you took Coach, did not plainly say, *Fairlove* follow me, and see how kind I can be to a person of your merit, I'le ne're trust observation more.

Alin. My eyes were very intelligent to be so soon acquainted with your deserts; But if your Name be *Fairelove*, *I* would intreat you to march fairly off: You see the door.

Fair. Does it lead t' your Lady-ships Bedchamber?

Alin. Yes, yes, through a close Lobby behind the Stairs.

Fair. If it be dark, 'twill be difficult to find; I'le stay for my Guide, [*Enter* Parret.

And if I am not deceived the Devil has sent me one.

Par. Madam, my Patroness presents her devoirs to your Ladiship, and desires to know the state of your *Paraquetta*'s health, and whether your pretty Shock has puppi'd yet?

Alin. The poor Creature has been in travel ever since last night.

Fair. For want of some of your occupation, Mrs. *Parret*.

Par. How can your Ladiship suffer the lewdness of that prophane fellow? I'de not be seen in's debauch'd company for a dozen of Christenings.

Alin. He rudely follow'd me from the Wells, I can't be quit of him.

Fair. I never heard you desire it; but for this Beldam, she is alway Bedlam mad, near Midsumer Moon.

Par. By the Faith of my Body he's the greatest Debauché in Nature, nor fit to be trusted in a civil womans company, he would have ravish'd me; a broom-stick in a Petty-coat, could not 'scape him; Madam, there's not a Village within nine miles, but is at charge with his adulterous Off-spring.

Fair. Tho my breeding has not been so course as t' allow me a vindication in her *Billingsgate* phrase; I hope your Ladiship will not entertain the worse opinion of me.

Par. If she values her reputation she will, for to be seen in thy company, is to be concluded a Wench.

Alin. These clamorous reproaches in my Lodgings will not, I'm sure, be much for my reputation; therefore sweet Mrs. *Parret*, let me intreat your silence.

Par. Command your Bully, Does he think to bear me down, I am not to be oppress by any man.

Fair. I intend no oppression; let me intreat your absence.

Par. For ought I know you may debauch the Lady, nay perhaps ravish her, y'have intruded into her privacy already.

Fair. There's but one way. Give me thy hand, thou 'rt as peevish as a sick Judge towards th' end of a long impertinent Cause, thou knowest I love thee. [*gives her Money.*

Par.

Par. You are such an insinuating kind of Gentleman, I beg your Lady-ships pardon for th' exorbitancy of my Passion, and shall give my Patroness assurances of your good health. [*Exit.*

Alin. Receiving so pious a Character of your good life, I've reason t' invite your stay.

Fair. I am not so scrupulous, the first invitation shall serve; unless you peremptorily command my absence I dare not stir.

Alin. Your civility might have sav'd you the labor of coming, and me the trouble of bidding you be gone.

Fair. If you find it so difficult to bid me go, consider how vexatious my absence may prove.

Alin. Doubtless *I* should imploy all the water-fillers in hunting after you.

Fair. But that *I'm* extraordinary good natur'd, I'd take you at your word, and make my leg.

Alin. That wou'd *I* fain see, for *I'm* so civil to believe you have learnt to dance.

Fair. O! *I* could lead you such a Corant to Church.

Alin. Had *I* the grace to follow!

Fair. You blush as if you were not quite past it.

Alin. Would you had enough to find the door?

Fair. Swear first that you will not call me back.

Alin. My word may serve sure.

Fair. Not now, your eyes have prov'd so fraudulent, and in most Women, they're less deceitful than the tongue.

Alin. Well since it must be so —— By all ——

Fair. Hold! do nothing rashly, swear seriously, an demurely.

Alin. You are a pleasant Gentleman: here comes my Brother, you had best tell him *I* invited you.

Fair. Nay, *I'le* Swear it, for *I* find you hant courage to deny it.

Alin. Rely upon't. [*Enter Vainman.*

Vain. T'is *Fairlove*, If *Owmuch* should not have glutinized our *Imbroglio*. [*he starts back.*

Alin. Nay Brother you may advance, for our discourse might suit the Piazza for it's concern, and the Mall for it's impertinence.

Fair. Madam, *I* suppose, you speak for your own, sincey' ought to have mine in more reverence.

Alin. Good forward Sir, it is not come to that yet.

Fair. Not to the Maturity you wish Lady.

Vain. The ruptures cemented, I may be bold dear *Fairlove*! I

am transcendantly perplexed by the participation of some sinister misapprehensions between us.

Fair. I never entertained the least of Sir *Lofty.*

Vain. By the quiddity of my Knight-hood, I was as innocent of any intentional injury, or injurious intention, But *con licenza*, that figure must not laps quotation. [*draws his Book.*

Fair. Your Brother slips no opportunity of improving his observation.

Alin. I find little difference between ye; for he silently observes his own follies, and you loudly proclame yours to render 'em observeable to others. [*Enter Owmuch.*

Owm. How! Sir *Lofty* and *Fairlove*; I wish my Stratagem to keep 'em at distance been't discovered.

Alin. I'm glad this Gentleman comes to my deliverance.

Fair. You talk as if you were with Child.

Alin. I've been in travail ever since you came.

Fair. She means she has been at labour to detain me here.

Alin. I suppose you know his way of confidence.

Owm. I doubt not but you understand your selves; and my business lies to Sir *Lofty.*

Vain. Fairlove and I have contracted a reintigration of amity, thou hast performed a Miracle.

Owm. Tom can witness how industruously I labour'd, but pray a word.

Fair. I may connive a wile at his deceit, till I've imprinted on my sisters Soul the knowledg of her happiness, in marrying so Rich a Fop; But he shall then refund, or joyn his interest to conclude the Match.

Vain. Balsamich *Fairlove*, I petition thy pardon, for I have very ponderous engagements.

Fair. You are Master of your own occasions.

Alin. Sure Brother you wont leave me abandon'd to the discretion of a stranger.

Vain. Were you my Mother, I could not recommend you to a Person of more sincere sobriety, or sober sincerity another admirable *anti me tabole* but time compresses my affair. [*Exit with Owm.*

Alin. My wise Brother as trusted us together.

Fair. He knew I ran the greater hazard in trusting my self.

Alin. I shall scarce eat you, tho' it be towards dinner time.

Fair. Yet your fair eies devours my peace; your Beauty preys upon my heart continually.

Alin.

Alin. How do you Sir, Are you well? [Alinda *stamps.*

Fair. Well, Madam: y'astonish me.

Alin. You spoke so like a Wight in Love, I was afraid you'd sound, and knock'd for a Restorative.

Fair. You are resolv'd I find to murther me.

Alin. Die not yet, I beseech you, 'till the World has taken notice you were my Servant: That may advantage me.

Fair. I had rather live miserable all my life, than profit a Woman by my death,

Alin. Nay, it shall cost you nothing, die when you please, I'le mourn at my own charge, and wear the ruthful Bandore like a Bill upon my forehead, t'inform Mankind that here's a Woman to be let.

Fair. By Lease or yearly Rent.

Alin. That's as we can agree, perhaps for term of Life.

Fair. Y'are a mad Soul, nothing but age and wedlock can tame you.

Alin. When I am hungry especially, therefore I'le to dinner. [*Exit.*

Fair. And because I can digest a good meal better than your unkindness, I'le follow. [*Exit.*

SCENE. II.

Enter Witless, Quibble, Farendine, Crack.

Wit. Not except my Verses, I'le lampoon her to dishonour.

Crac. You mispend your fury; my Lady's not of the Tribe of *Hellicon*, and were you heir apparent to *Parnassus*, she'd not accept it for a joynture.

Wit. Each Acre of that precious Land is worth an Empire.

Crac. What's Empire to her? that would be content with a Parish.

Quib. Or the tyth of a Parish: Well urg'd *Crack.*

Faren. She'l be as soon pleas'd with a tyth Pig.

Wit. Or a Pigs tail.

Quib. The tip of such a tail's worth all thy rhiming Reams.

Wit. Avaunt ignorance, I despise and desert you like two legg'd Brutes, that have felloniously stollen the Shapes of rational Creatures. [*Exit.*

Crac. There's one blown off in vapour; These I must manage to more profit. [*Aside.*

Quib. Your Lady, I doubt, is no Saint.

Crac. Your reaſon good charitable Vicar.

Quib. Becauſe ſhe loves deeds of darkneſs, and ſeldome comes to light.

Crac. She loves you indeed but too well.

Quib. Softly, dear Rogue, *Farendine* over hears.

Far. She wheedles him to give me opportunity to woo the Widow, which theſe Orators will ſoon effect; when Gold is no prevailing advocate.

Quib. Thy ſervices have been remarkable, and I'le reward them methodically, with a poſitive mark of my liberality, a comparative mark of thy fidelity, and a Superlative mark of my own gratitude. [*gives her money.*

Crack. You'l obſerve the time and place.

Quib. I'le be as watchful as a famiſht Cat, that has her Prey in a pound. [*Exit* Quibble.

Crac. 'Twas no ſlight cunning to ſtave off theſe Suitors, to give your love and bounty free acceſs.

Faren. I thirſt to ſee thy Lady, and preſent her with my heart, this offering. [*a purſe of gold*

Crac. She loves old gold moſt paſſionately, but I delay your bliſs, I pray walk in.

Far. Be faithful and be happy. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Fairlove, Alinda.

Fair. To make proteſtations were t'increaſe your doubts: but reſt aſſured I'le ſerve you with all the faith becomes a Gentleman; your apprehenſions are to me no ſtrangers.

Alin. You then muſt think it worth a Siſters care, t'impede the ruin of an only Brother.

Fair. In pity to him, and kindneſs to my Siſter, before *I* had the honour to know you, *I* meant to retreive him from that Harpies ſnares.

Alin. Perſue the kind deſign; *I* ſhould be proud to have him joyn'd to a Perſon of her conduct.

Fair. Your partial Character ſeems t'inſinuate a former knowledge of my Siſter *Courtwit.*

Alin. I've ſeen her oft at either Theater. But could not till laſt

last Spring boast her acquaintance, when she was pleased t' oblige my morning walks i'th' Mall with her converse. *Fairlove*, 't was there she gave me that little, but kind knowledge of your worth, which best justifies my Modesty, in craving thus abruptly your assistance.

Fair. The greatest justice you can do my love, Is to believe that I was born to serve you. [*Enter Fop.*

Fop. Ner'e stir Madam, you know I'm to lodge next door to the sign of your heart, that is when you consent to be my wedded Mate; But now I think on't, the Devil swallow me if I care a blew-point for your resolve; for your Brother and I have concluded the matter.

Alin. Without my privity.

Fop. I love you for that, ne're stir a very impertinent interogation; let your Brother pay your Portion, and I settle a joynter, and then a Fig for your privity,

Alin. Y' are not gone I hope so far.

Fop. We go hand in hand ner'e stir, I love you for that, when he weds the Widdow, I must marry you.

Fair. You!

Alin. Why are you concerned at such a Butter-fly?

Fop. Zookes ne're frown for the business; you may as soon overthrow the new Pyramid as alter me; and if y' have been concerned before me, you shall be concerned altogether, for *Timothy Fop* — I love you for that ne're stir.

Alin. Why so chollerick; pri' thee tell me this Widows Name.

Fop. I love you for that, she hopes to be wiser by me.

Alin. I might indeed dispair of't.

Fair. He makes a secret of a Proclamation; I'le tell you her Name presently.

Fop. The Devil barrel me for a shotten herring, if I suffer that, her name is *Brag*; as I know how to keep a secret; so I scorn that any Man shou'd disclose it before me.

Fair. She's on of *Owmuches* Decoys, a very Iilt.

Alin. My fears were too prophetick; what's to be done

Fop. Nay you may whisper till your hearts ake, but if I catch you in the censuring walk in *Greys-Inn*, I'le be even with you ne're stir, and in th' intrim I'le withdraw to contemplate my own merits. [*Exit.*

Fair. Could we but draw my Sister to our party, we soon might frustrate this intended Match?

Alin. I blame not her averſion to his follies, yet hope her Charity will feign that love t'attract him for the preſent, and divert him from this intended treachery.

Fair. Your friendſhip will oblige her to much more, I know the ſhade ſhe uſually frequents, give me the Honour to attend you thither.

Alin. Y' are grown too ſerviceable to me now, to ſcruple any favour vertue warrants [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Owmuch, Vainman, Brag, Crack.

Owm. The Widow's yours, and I'm proud o'th' ſervice; as for this Bond, your kind acknowledgement, take your own time for payment.

Vain. Your precipitated favours confound my intellects; come Widow, I hunger to ſtamp thee a Lady.

Brag. You triumph in your Victory, but I bar Sealing till the Man in Black has delivered you up to my uſe.

Crack. If the grove will ſerve for a Chathedral, *Quibble* ſhall exerciſe that function.

Owm. He's a pretender, and will ner'e conſent.

Brag. Unleſs I were diſguiſed.

Vain. By the rapidity of invention, I apprehend a Night-gown with a viſor my ſiſter left in my appartment might ſerve.

Crac. Admirably, for I'm to meet the Perſon by aſſignation.

Owm. You are ſetting up for a Husband then.

Crac. Not there beleive me Sir. Madam—[*ſeems to whiſper* Brag.

Brag. This Ring, pri'thee take it, and may it anſwer thy deſires.

Owm. Let her engage the Miniſter, and I'le meet you two hours hence.

Crac. Doubt not my working him.

Owm. But to aſſure the buſineſs *Crack*, take Gold, it will work on any Clergy Man in *Europe*. Give her Ten Guinnys.

Vain. Moſt beatifically imagined; ther's Twenty; thou and the Parſon ſhall divide.

Crac. In the next cloſe from *Bounds* you'l ſee an Oak carv'd full of Lovers names; Be there in readineſs, and leave the reſt to me.

Vain.

Vaen. Well, you'l remember. [*To* Owmuch.

Owm. I hope t' arrive in time; but shou'd m' affairs detain me, you may confide in *Crack*, she's a Girl of wit, and for the management of this concern much apter than my self.

Vain. Come Widow, this Night I'le celebrate the Bacchanalia's of Hymen; and inebriate my Knight-hood in the profundities of *Venus*. [*Exeunt.*

Crac. How the Fool's exalted in imagination; I've lodg'd i'th' grove a brace from the same Herd,

And if blind Fortune favour my design,
The Raskal Dear shall make the fatter mine.

[*Exit.*

ACT. V.

Alinda, Fairlove,

Alin. YOur Sisters Plot appears most probable to break this match; but she's too obstinate, to gratify my hopes of her Aliance.

Fair. Correct, by a compliance to my love, that errour in your self, which you condemn in her.

Alin. Happily, I've the same aversion to wits, as she to fooles; but here comes your Sisters Engineer. [*Enter* Wilding *in Spanish habit.*

Fair. Thou'rt habited as if thou dwell'st next door to a Play-house.

Wild. This is my City Maskarading suit, my Pattent of Intrusion to all meetings.

Fair. 'Twas happily brought down — wher's *Courtwit*?

Wild. In her love dispatches for *London*, and has immured her self like an Anchorite for that Employ.

Fair. I hope you are well instructed.

Wild. What Wit or Courage can perform, expect.

Alin. I doubt not your capacity, nor Spirit, and hope the piety of my intenions, will bribe Heavens assistance; I'le not detain you, for it is near the hour chose by my Brother for this fatal Match.

Wild. My haste to serve you, shall prevent your wishes. [*Exit.*

Fair. Having proceeded to the rupture of one Marriage, it

is but reasonable we should enter upon the Treaty of another.

Alin. So it be still in raillery, I'm content.

Fair. If we continue to make love in jest, Death may finish the Treaty, er'e we conclude the Match.

Alin. No matter' we'l leave it like a game at Chess to be play'd out by our Heir's.

Fair. Then I hope you'l be pleased, that we may withdraw and gett 'em.

Alin. 'Tis time for me to do so, when you dare use this bold Language. [*Exit.*

Fair. Nay that frown shall not discourage me; I'd after, tho she could arm her eyes with lightning. [*Exit.*

SCENE. II.

Paywell, *and* Parret.

Pay. Would it not torment a Woman of my longing to lose so precious an opportunity?

Par. Any Woman in nature, as I hope for benevolence.

Pay. Yet business may detain him.

Par. I shall have the worse opinion of him, whilst I breath, for failing a Lady in the Heaven of her expectation. [*Enter* Owmuch.

Owm. My haste intended to prevent your love; I hope I have not slip'd my time above a quarter.

Par. D' you think a quarters disappointment to a Lady nothing, when I've known many good gifted men rendered uncapable by the bare delusion of a minute.

Owm. Pri'thee silence that unruly morcel, that unmerciful tongue of thine.

Par. Y' are a rude, sawcy, mallipert, impertinent fellow, to prate thus to a Woman of my occupation.

Pay. Good Mid-wife leave us, and be vigilent in thy office.

Par. I'le see him damn'd first; keep watch for such a Scoundrel.

Owm. Will you be a Fool, and spoil all for nothing.

Par. No nor an Ass, to keep sentinel for nothing.

Owm. Is that it? here, commend me to my friends in Guinney. [*gives her mony.*

Par. So you'l commend me to mine in the Lowcountries, I care not if I do. [*Exit.*

Pay

Pay. She's a troubleſome Old Creature, but very uſeful.

Owm. Having introduced me to the Honour of your acquaintance, I muſt own her obliging.

Pay. I know you Courtly; but Complements in Love are like long Graces before feaſts, they cool the meat, and dull the appetite; we'l be familliar.

Owm. Now have I no more power towards this ſhe thing, than if my Breeches had been impoveriſh'd in my Youth t' inrich my Voice.

Pay. Let me adviſe you to be very civil, tho you preſs me never ſo far, conſider me a perſon of Honour.

Owm. Rather then risk your diſpleaſure, I'le take my leave.

Pay. You miſapprehend me.

Owm. Hell take your meaning! 'tis but too plain, that lewd Grimace has turn'd my Stomach — Madam, I'm the moſt rude debauched fellow in a Ladies Chamber.

Pay. Y' have been ſo civil I dare not credit it; come give me your hand.

Owm. Sliſe, what an unſatiable fiſt's there? marble againſt rain is not ſo moiſt, nor the ſweat of a *Jew* ſo rank. [*gives his hand and ſnatches it back*

Pay. I vow y' are ſuch a backward man.

Owm. You'l find me an *Hercules* forward; I muſt raviſh you; for let me periſh I am a moſt unſatiable Creature.

Pay. I ne're met a reaſonable Creature, but I was able to give him reaſonable ſatisfaction.

Owm. The Devil in Breeches cou'd not ſcare her; I've ta'ne her Mony; and ſomething will be expected; well, Madam, ſince y' are deſperate.

Pay. O Lord, I vow, what d' you mean, I proteſt, nay I Swear, I'le cry out, *Parret* *Parret.* [*Enter Parret.* } *He pulls her towards the Chamber, ſhe calls ſoftly.*

Par. O Madam th' Alderman, th' Alderman! we're undone.

Pay. What curs'd fortune's this? [*ſtamps.*

Owm. Which way ſhall I avoid him.

Par. I'm diſtracted, he's at the Stair foot.

Pay. Into my cloſet with him quick, I hear him Enter.

[*They lock him up, Enter Alderman.*

Ald. Ah Bunting! I've had the croſſeſt luck, and yet I had the better of the lay, a 100 Pounds to a farthing, the Devil's in that

Tipwels fingers and in's horſes knees; the Beaſt was ſo pliable, and at command, he had little diſadvantage in tipping on Horſe-back; all nine as *I* live Chuck.

Pay. Poor Dear, how thou Sweat'ſt *I* was afraid thou hadſt been ill Chick.

Ald. I'm come for more chink Bunting, wher's the key of the Cloſet.

Pay. 'Slife Man! what's the Matter with your eyes?

Ald. Why Bunting? why, what's the matter?

Pay, They're as red as my Petticoat. *Parret.*

Par. Madam.

Pay. Fetch the eye water quickly, if you heat your ſelf, and drink and han't a care, it may grow to a Fiſtulae.

Ald. Indeed law Bunting they burn, and ſmart extreamly, but give me the Key. *I*'le be back immediatly.

Pay. The Key's in my other Pocket, but thy eyes are ſo blood ſhot, it greives my heart to ſee 'em, ſome chairs, quickly good *Parret* quickly. [*Enter* Parret, *chaires ſet, he lyes down, and they drop Water in his eyes.*

Ald. I profeſs the Water's very refreſhing.

Pay. Be ſure you wink hard Chicken, and keep it in.

[*She ſteps to the Cloſet, and lets* Owmuch *out.*

Softly as you love me; to morrow I'm for *London*, where let me ſee you often, in th' intrim keep this for my ſake [*gives him a Jewel.*

Owm. And in exchange receive my heart, and future ſervice.

[*Exit.*

Pay. Come hony, how doſt find thy ſelf?

Ald. Very clear ſighted Bunting, thanks to thy care; but I muſt back, I profeſs, I'm deeply ingaged, fetch the Key. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Crack *habited like the Widow.*

Crac. My Cloaths and Stature favour my deſign, and by the aſſiſtance of this Ring and Viſor, I hope to paſs for the ſuppos'd rich Widow; nor will my Mercer loſe by the exchange, ſince I'm the freſher merchandize o' th' two; and for our Portions, hers is in Fee-tail, and mine in Capite, a nobler Tenure. But here's the Parſon;

[*Enter* Courtwit *in* Quibbles *habit.*

Your Servant Mr. *Quibble.*

Cour-

Cour. She takes me for the Vicar in diſguiſe; could I but hit upon his quibbling ſtrain, I ſee I might paſs.

Crac. I'm confident you take me for the Widow.

Cour. Thou 'rt coſened, for I'm ſo taken with thee, I'd only take thee for my ſelf.

Crac. The Widow's lodg'd, thou ſhalt have her within this hour.

Cour. This intrigue I underſtand not, yet muſt not let my ignorance betray me. [*Aſide.*

Crac. You entertain your happineſs but coldly.

Court. I want ſome marks of gratitude to ſignalize my bounty. [*Feeling in's pocket.*

Crac. All I deſire is, that you marry me *gratis*.

Cour. Marry you, I thought *I* was to marry the Widow.

Crac. Your Wit's ſo volatile, you muſt marry me to *Farendine*.

Cour. *I* conceive you, and ſo *I* hope you'l do by the Mercer.

Enter Farendine.

Crac. Here he comes, *Mercury* thou Favourer of Wiles, aſſiſt my love! follow me, and when *I* ſtop perform your Office. [*To* Courtwit.

Faren. 'Tis ſhe, *I* know her petty-coat, and ſize, and, as I live, the Parſon following her; the Fool is made a Property to marry her to me, his Rival's She beckons, and *I* le follow— And wed her with that ſilence ſhe deſires. } *Exit* Crack. Courtwit, *and* } Farendine *following*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Lofty Vainman, Brag, Fop, Wilding *in Spaniſh habit*.

Vain. Challenge my Spouſe! *I* bid defiance to thy diminitive breeches.

Brag. He's mad beyond the cure of hellebore.

Wild. I'm mad indeed to ſeek a Runagate, one that forſook me in the heat of Wedlock, the next day after the religious Prieſt had joyn'd our hands, as love before our hearts.

Brag. He'l perſwade me *I* was begot i'th' Moon, born in Aries, and bred in *Capricorn*, to learn to make Cuckolds: *If* ever *I* ſaw the man before, may *I* never attain a Ladyſhip.

Wild. Reſign my Wife, Sir *Lofty*, and that quickly, or— [*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Vain. You obliterate your ſelf and her, ſhe has no cognizance

of your Perſon, and y' appear an Alien to her affection.

Wild. I'm not the only Husband labours under that misfortune:

Fop. Not of a Million ne're go, I love you for that.

Brag. Where in the name of miſchief did I marry thee, and when?

Wild. A month ſince, at *Pancras.*

Fop. The Devil pickle me for a Pilchard, if I know what to think of't.

Brag. This is the ſtrangeſt fixion Hell e're contrived to croſs a Womans love—Good Sir, a word— [*Whiſpers* Wilding.

Vain. I'le interrogate him of her appellation, quallification, demeans, and th' *Et cetera* appurtenances of a Widow, and if he exhibite ſatisfactory reaſons, or reaſonable ſatisfaction.

Wild. Well, I confeſs what I alledged, is falſe.

Brag. Bear witneſs, you heard him ſay 'twas falſe

Wild. 'Twas you I ſaid were falſe t' your Nuptial Vow.

Brag. Hell has inſpir'd him to my ruin!

Vain. Have you any cognizance of her Name?

Wild. I married her by th' Name of *Barbara Brag.*

Fop. I love you for that, there may be two of one name.

Wild. But not of one face, Mr. *Fop.*

Fop. Does your *Donſhip* know me; I'm an *Eaſt India* Elephant, if I don't remember you too; your Name is

Wild. Don Roderigo de los Bluſtrados hectoromanos Bullirockos.

Fop. Dear *Bluſtrados*, when ſhall we be drunk again?

Wild. Thou 'rt as ſawcy as a Country Squire with's Mothers Maid; when didſt ſee me drunk? Ha!

Fop. Can *Pharo* and *Stichback* ſlip your memory? The Devil ſwallow me for a quartern of Brandy, if we han't been drunk an hundred times.

Wild. Then have I kick'd you ninety nine. [*Kicks him.*

Fop. Faith and troth I rememember nothing of that tho.

Wild. I'm ſatisfi'd you muſt, if you remember th' other.

Fop. If this be your ſatisfaction, The Devil keep you company for *Timothy Fop* —— [*Exit.*

Wild. Nay take your Knight, leaſt he ſhare your calamity.

Vain. I hope y' are too intelligent t' imagine a Knight can be kickt.

Wild. I beg your pardon, my toes are no Heraulds.

Vain. Since y' implore my pardon, I can recede—Come Widow [*offering to lead her out.*

Wild.

Wild. You muſt pardon me for that too, ſhe's my Wife, therefore unhand her, and vaniſh without expoſtulation.

Vain. He looks as terribly as a Sea fight. [*he ſneaks away.*

Brag. What horrid injury, or ſtrange affront has my too wanton youth, or erring Pride offer'd your friends or you? thus to provoke your malice or revenge to ruine me.

Wild His very being a Gentleman obliges all Men of Honour to endeavour's reſcue from your deſtructive ſnares.

Brag. If he's a ſtranger to you, let my knees with humble interceſſion, beg your favour; and you ſhall ſhare in all th' advantages of profit, or what elſe I can call mine, by being His. [*Kneels.*

Wild. This Knight's committed to my care, and by a perſon I dare not diſoblige.

Brag. Then I dare dye— help, help, murther, a rape! I'm raviſh'd, I'm raviſh'd. *She pulls a Knife out of her Pocket,* Wilding *indeavours to hinder her,* *She lets fall the Knife and lays hold of him.*

Wild. 'Sdeath! Who offers y' any violence? Let go my Arms you Whore, or if I get 'em looſe, I'le nail thee to the Earth.

Brag. Repeat thy ſtabs till thou haſt made my body but one ſcar, rather than wound my honour, a rape, murder, rape!

Enter Owmuch, Vainman, Fop, *and Neighbours.*

Owm. Where's this Villain, this lewd raviſher?

Brag. Welcome to my redemption, I've loſt my breath, and faint with ſtrugling. [*they diſarm* Wilding.

Owm. Sir *Lofty* pray approach, and comfort her. You are a Spaniſh Letcher— To juſtice. Do right with him, you ſhall be cut for th' Stone, my Tarmagant, and Rampant *Don*, you ſhall.

Wild. When thou knoweſt me, thou'lt repent this uſage.

Owm. That's more then e're I did my Sins. What art?

Wild. Diſmiſs your rabble, and I'le tell you.

Owm. Now ſhe's retriev'd, make ſure, and ſpeedy work, I brought the Vicar with me, he's within. [*to* Vainman.

Fop. I love you for that ne're ſtir, you'l ſtay till I run to *Bounds* for your ſiſter, we are to be married together by contract.

Vain. Make expedition then; come relict, *Exeunt.* Vainman Brag, Fop.

Owm. Neighbours, I thank you for your kind aſſiſtance, now he's diſarm'd I ſhall be ſingly able to govern him. [*Exeunt neighbours*

now my Coatamuntain *Don*, what's thy design, and business here?

Wild. To cut thy Throat, unless thou break this Match between Sir *Lofty*, and thy Strumpet.

Owm. Dost know the value of this Throat *Castilian*? It yearly swallows half a thousand pounds in deep *pontac*, clear *Mant*, and *Burgundy*.

Wild. These whiskers off, you cannot chuse but know me.

[*pulls of's whiskers.*

Owm. I'th' Name of *Protheus*, why in this disguise?

Wild. *Fairlove* and I are equally ingaged to save Sir *Lofty* from the ravenous jawes of your damn'd Cockatrice; and if y' affect your safety, you'l assist me in't. [*Off'ring to go out.*

Owm. You are too quick, your haste ill suits your garb: move but a foot towards the interrupting them, and this shall centre in thy heart.

Wild. 'Tis base t' insult upon a Man disarmed.

Owm. Were you ten thousand friends, you shou'd excuse me; I'de not release my share in this Knights marriage, t' ingross th' amity of all mankind.

Wild. Thy base ignoble ways of livelihood beget a general scandal on the name, and garb of Gentleman, they'l grow contemptible, being used by thee.

Owm. Thou art too young, and scrupulous a sinner; examine but the Town, and thou wilt find the gayer part, to have as little Lands as thou, or I, and yet they keep guilt Coaches, their race and hunting Nags, Lacquies, and Pages: and what is more expensive then all these, Misses, whose cloaths may vie with Eastern Queens, and Pallaces with Cardinals for cost; and can't believe these miracles performed by simple rules of honesty, and honour? Thou art not such a Novice.

Wild. I know there are sev'ral ways of livelihood, most indirect; but this damn'd down right cheating I affect not.

Owm. Kind Nature gave to ev'ry Man his Portion, some in Wit, to others Lands or Moneys, and did contrive us for each others use. And I account it as unreasonable to waste Wits precious tallent on a fool without advantage, as to let Lands *gratis* — My brain's the nobler freehold.

Wild This curs'd Match will, in *Alinda*, ruin *Fairlove* hopes, and forfeit me the kind respects of *Courtwit*.

Owm.

Owm. Why this is right the World; you do not blame the Match as bad, but as it injures you.

Enter Farendine *with* Crack *Vizarded.*

Farend. Widow, now y' are at home, I hope, you'l shew your face, and welcome me.

Owm. No more cross plots I hope; what Widow have you there?

Far. The *Tunbridge* Widow Sir, the Widow *Brag.*

Wild. Do the Widows multiply?

Far. She may in time, and season; Gentlemen y' are welcome. both; call in the Fidler, I'le dedicate this Night to mirth and hymen — By your favour she's my Wife, Sir, and I'le have the first kiss — Ha! *Crack.* } Owmuch *indeavours to pull of her Visor* } Farendine *prevents him.*

Owm. This your rich Widow?

Far. I'me abus'd, cheated, gull'd, I'le be unmarried, avaunt Sorceress, come not near me.

Crac. But I will, my Love, and kiss thee too.

Owm. Was that kiss over and above the twenty thousand pounds.

Far. Mock not a Man in misery! Damn'd *Quibble*, thou knewst what trash thou wedst me to.

Crac. I think y' are obliged to him for bestowing the Maid on you, and keeping the grass Widow for himself, nay I'm the better fortune.

Far. Thou art indeed much younger, and mayst crown me oft'ner with the City night cap, if thou call'st that a fortune.

Crac. What say you to this security for my good behaviour?

[*Gives him a box full of Jewels and Gold.*

Owm. That Cabinet's thy Ladies?

Faren. But the contents were partly mine before, and to the rest I'le make her prove her title,

If Cuckold be my fate, yet thus adorn'd
I shall be rather envyed than scorn'd.

Crac. She gave 'em me to pack for *London*, meaning to cheat you of your dividend, and I to end disputes, took this occasion to restore to th' Owner, my dear Husband,

Owm. Deceitful Wretch! [*Enter* Fop, Fairlove, Alinda.

Fop. Where's Sir *Lofty*? faith and troth this Gentleman wont let me marry his Sister.

Fair. You know it was the Ladies fault not mine.

Enter Vainman, Brag, Courtwit *in* Quibbles *habit.*

Fop. I love you for that ne're ſtir; but here comes Sir *Lofty* himſelf; if he'l promiſe her to one, and beſtow her on another, I'le have nothing to do with him or her either.

Wild. You juſtly may condemn my negligence, ſince the ſucceſs ha'nt anſwer'd your deſires, and I muſt ſuffer in your good opinion till time permit me to recite at large the various ſiniſter accidents, which did obſtruct my ſervice. *To* Alinda, *who muſt be ſuppoſed t' have been inquiring the ſucceſs of the deſign.* Fop *whiſper,* Vainman.

Alin. Since he's undone, 'twill but avail me little to know how.

Vain. D' you refuſe to ratifie the parole of Sir *Lofty Vainman*, your own natural Brother?

Alin. Wou'd you'd refuſe that common Creature too. Courtwit *and* Fairlove *ſeem to diſcourſe all this while.*

Vain. Siſter you erre, I've made an encloſure of her, brought her within the pale of Matrimony.

Fop. I love you for that, ſome envious Knave may ſtill pretend a right of common, and make a gap to graze a Nag, or ſo.

Vain. I apprehend no ſuch danger: But this is digreſſive from my interrogatory; Will you nuptialize our Conſanguinity, *Timothy Fop*?

Fop. That's the point ne'r ſtir, preſs it home.

Alin. Would he had ta'ne your place.

Court. Lets loſe no time in vain congratulations. [*To* Fairlove. Gain from *Alinda*, if I free Sir *Lofty*, a Marriage promiſe, whilſt I and *Wilding* diſguſt him with his Bride.

Fair. Thou adviſeſt like one of Cupids Privy Counſellers. Fairlove *goes to* Alinda, Courtwit *to* Wilding, *who having whiſpered go to* Vainman.

Brag. Cheated of gold, and Jewels both! *To* Owmuch, *who is ſuppoſed to have told her.*

Own. Of all, ſh' has given 'em *Farendine*, whom ſhe has made her Husband.

Brag. Damn'd Wretch! yet ther's ſome comfort, the Knight may ſtill be manag'd to advantage.

Owm. Yes, to yours, but how am I aſſured you'l not deceive me there, as *Crack* ſays you deſign'd of the Gold, and Jewels.

Brag. You know I Sealed you yeſternight a Bond.

Owm. Well remember'd 'twas for a thouſand pounds y' are Married now, pray let me have 't in keeping.

Brag.

Brag. You ſee 'tis in my power to deſtroy, yet I'le deliver't to your uſe. [*gives him the Bond.*

Owm. Honeſt Girl! this is good Mony ſtill.

Vain. Since you both affirm her Whore, you ſhall find Sir *Lofty* hath profundity, I'le affiance her to my Kinſman.

Wild. 'Twill hardly hold in Law, y' had better bribe the Vicar to Swear he did not marry you.

Vain. Moſt feaſible, but let's proceed methodically; ſurreptitious Spouſe.

Brag. What ſayes my heart?

Vain. This *Don* avows of's proper cognizance, that thou art much inclinable t' a thing we call an Harlot.

Brag. He challeng'd me for's Wife, and is it probable he'd wed a Whore?

Vain. A very falacious Age, it cannot be ſuppos'd.

Fop. Faith and troth the wrankeſt Whore-Maſter in *England* would be glad of an honeſt Woman, if he knew where to find her.

Vain. It is an intrinſical intrigue, and an apparent Stratagem.

Alin. I hope your folly will not ſtill beſot you.

Vain. D' you ſuppoſe I'le give credence t' a Rival?

Alin. Lend Faith to Mr. *Fairlove*, he has known her theſe ſeven years paſt a common Jilt in Town.

Fair. *Whetſtons* Park ne're held a more debauched one.

Brag. What e're I was, I'm now your Siſter, and his Wife.

Alin. Mine, I defie thee; be Siſter to he Goates, ther's nothing that has honeſty or Honour, but muſt abhor thy converſe and Alliance.

Fair. Y' have made a wondrous happy Match here. [*to* Owmuch

Owm. What I have done Sir, I dare juſtify.

Brag. Let 'em ſay their worſt Sir *Lofty*, you are not the firſt that has Married an obliging Lady.

Vain. An obliging Lady, Zooks an obliging Lady, what a Lacquer ſhe has found for a Whore? I'd give half my demeaſnes for an emancipation.

Brag. I'le not abate a farthing of a thouſand a year annuity for life.

Owm. And the preſent payment of two thouſand pounds, due to me by bond, one on your own account, on hers the other.

Vain. By the heroick atchievements of my Progenitors, it is too unconſcienable.

Owm.

Owm. For my part I'le not abate a ſoulze.

Brag. Nor I, I'le force him to maintain me.

Fair. Since they'r ſo obſtinate, for your fair Siſters ſake, I'le releaſe you from this ſhameful Match on eaſier terms.

Vain. Covenant your Articles, and you ſhall have *Lofty Vainman* to the pedeſtals of the Indenture.

Fair. Th' Articles ſhall be only two, and ſhort ones; firſt your conſent to Marry *Alinda*, *I*'ve hers already, and a thouſand pounds for th' party *I* ingage in your releaſe.

Vain. *I* frankly condeſcend to both.

Fop. *I* love you for that, *Alinda*'s mine.

Vain. That's immaterial; a Cavalier may Honorably infringe his parole to be infranchized from an Harlot.

Faren. Now your hand's in; be charitable to a *quondam* Citizen, free me from this Chamber-Utinzel, I'le give you 500 pounds, for which theſe Jewels ſhall remain ſecurity, Nay, *I*'le never more pretend to th' qualifications of a Gentleman.

Fair. On theſe conditions, *I* accept them. [*takes the Cabinet.*

Brag. *Quibble*'s in order certain.

Owm. That *I*'le ingage, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould make good his undertaking. [*Enter* Witleſs, *leading* Quibble *wrap'd in a rug.*

Wit. Come Parſon, ſince thou abhorreſt Women *I*'le ſee thee righted.

Quib. Right or wrong, *I*'le have nothing to do with 'em.

Owm. What new Monſter have we here?

Quib. A certain incumbant upon a Neighbouring Vicaridge, you might know me Mrs. *Crack*, for you have had ſome markes of my kindneſs.

Crac. What two Parſon *Quibbles*?

Fair. No faith, this is a fair Nun, and no black-Frier.

[*pulling off her peruk.*

All. How, Madam *Courtwit.*

Fair. The ſame, ſhe never was in orders; and, I ſuppoſe, her Marriage won't ſtand good in Law.

Brag. Baffled on all hands! damn'd chance!

Owm. It would perſwade a Novice in Vice to change his Copy, and turn honeſt.

Crac. I hope you'l return th'overplus of the Gold, and Jewels, I'm but a poor Maid.

Faren. Not a farthing, when *I* have paid the 500 pounds, I'le diſtribute to every Man his own.

Fop.

Fop. Ne're go that's honeſt, the Gold Watch belongs to me.

Court. Here ends our modiſh Courtſhip, for I'm ſo out of love with Wits ſince mine has proved the beſt, that I could find in my heart to caſt my ſelf away upon a Fool.

Fair. A rich one Siſter's the more ſubſtantial Man, and if Sir *Lofty* and you can make a Bargain, the 1500 pounds I've got ſhall be your portion.

Vain. I ſuperſtitiouſly imbrace the propoſition?

Court. What, without my approbation?

Vain. I know you are too intelligent a Wit to refuſe a Knight of 2000 a year.

Court. And becauſe I will not forfeit that reputation, here's my hand to the fooliſh bargain.

Owm. I ſhall expect preſent payment of the Bond you made to me, tho th' other of your *quondam* Wifes proves bad.

Fair. How could he contract ſo great a debt to you.

Vain. Let me diſſolve like a Cherubim, if he owes me not 200 Guinnies, mony lent.

Fop. And me an hundred, or I'm a guilt Nutmeg.

Fair. What an unconſcionable fellow wert thou, was not 300 pounds an handſome purchaſe: Be ſatisfied, and give him up the Bond, leaſt you provoke me t' indite you for a Cheat.

Owm. Upon condition they diſcharge the Guinnies they pretend I owe them; there it is. [*gives up the Bond.*

Fair. I'le ingage they ſhall. For you may fair Trapans I would adviſe you to pack up your tooles, and poſt for *London*, and there live penitentially this long Vacation, on Mackarel, and Cucumbers; till *Smith-field* Pigs increaſe your commons.

Brag. Crac. You are a damn'd jeering Rogue.

[*Exeunt* Brag. *and* Crack.

Fair. Mr *Quibble*, my Siſter ſhall return your Caſſock, which ſhe ſtripp'd you of, when you were drunk; take warning how you fuddle with Footmen; and to morrow you ſhall have the profit of our Wedding; and you Poet *Witleſs* may imploy this evening in compoſing Epithalamiums to be Sung to the Brides in the morning, they may turn to better account than your next Droll.

Fop. I love you for this ne're go; what ſhall become of me?

Fair. Y' had almoſt ſcaped my memory; But ſince I have robbed you of one Wife, the beſt juſtice is to help you to another; a Medly of poor Wits and Rich Fooles make the beſt mixture

in Nature; and I've a Sister in *London* at your Service.

Fop. The Deel swallow me if I post not to *London* within this minute to Court her.

Fair. Tis now too late to cellebrate our Nuptials, and too early to rectire, a Country Dance may prove perhaps no very unpleasant motion.

Court. Come Platonick; let's have a Dance at parting.

Wild. My condition is not so desperate as you imagine it, for I can more confidently beg a kindness from a married Woman, because the concession is less to her disadvantage.

Court. Did I abound as much in Charity as you in hope, the Knight were in a very dangerous condition.

Wild. I care not how little Charity you have, for they say that's extreamly cold, give me love.

Court. You know not how a Dance may warm it. [*a Dance.*

Fair. Tho th' execution of our first design met very ill success, our obligations are still payable to your good intentions, the projects were both *Courtwits*, and she resolved to reserve the best t' er self, as an Encomium of her Wit. [*To* Wilding.

Wild. To which I shall submissively subscribe.

Own. And I for ever curse.

Fair. 'Twere nobler to repent, you plainly see
No Wit can prosper without honesty. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

How harmleſly we've treated you to day,
There's not one dangerous Line through all the Play.
There's no keen biting Satyr to enrage
The guilty Conſciences of half the Age.
No mighty Senſe to make the Criticks jar,
And ſet the envious Tribe at mortal War.
No Lines ſo rare, intrigues ſo wondrous wity
Enough t' adjourn the Wits to a Committee,
And make the Chair-man o'th' Cabal cry, ram him,
Confound him, ſink him, ſplit him, rot him, damn him,
Down with him for a ſawcy ſon of a Whore;
He muſt be damn'd, the Dog ſhall write no more.
No, thanks to our ſafe Authors milder Stars,
He has no ſuch dangers, no ſuch threatning fears,
He gives you no occaſion for your ſpight,
Is no pretender to their fame that Write.
Then Gentlemen, you may be kind to Night.
Yes there indeed, 'tis worth your while to frown,
'Tis victory to run great Authors down.
But let
This Triflle of a Play creep ſafely under,
For Gallants 'tis too humble for your Thunder.

Books newly Printed this Year 1678, and are to be Sold by *Henry Rogers* at the Sign of the *Crown* in *VVestminster-Hall.*

1. *SCarrons* Comical Romance, or a facetious History of a Company of *Stage-players*, interwoven with diverse curious and choice Novels, rare Adventures, and amorous Intrigues, in *Fol.*

2. *The wonder of the Peak of Darby*, commonly called *the Devils Arse of Peak*, English and Latin. *Oct.*

3. *Melpomene or the Muses delight*, being new Poems and Songs Written by several of our Great Wits of the present Age, *Oct.*

4. *Camera Regis*, or the present State of *London*, *Oct.*

5. *The Works of Homer*, both *Odysses* and *Illiads*, translated into English Verse by the famous *Thomas Hobs* of *Malmsbury*, *Twelves*, together with Mr. *Hobs* his Preface about Heroick Poetry, and the life of *Homer.*

6. The Memoires and rare Adventures of that Heroick and various Lady, *Henrietta Sylvia Molieræ*, now compleat in six parts, Written by her self now living in *France.*

7. Ten Dialogues of Natural Philosophy, Written by *Thomas Hobs* of *Malmsbury*, *Oct.*

FINIS.